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[Reprinted from the December Issue of Ramparts, Literature Section]

Literature

SMETANA AND THE BEETLES: A Fairy Tale for Adults

by Albert E. Kahn
Drawings by David Levine

© Copyright 1967, by Albert E. Kahn and David Levine. Smetana and the Beetles *will be published by Random House at the end of November.*

Once upon a time there was a Princess
Whose name was Smetana.
She lived in the realm of Marxdom.
Her father was a Wicked Man.
He kept her in a Castle named after him;
It was called the Gremlin.
The Castle was surrounded by a rusty
Iron Curtain
And a Moat full of Krokodiles and
Vodka.

Gremlin was a Dour Dictator.
He never played Golf.
He hated Dogs and Décolletage.
He frowned at Modern Art, Be-bop
and even Little Bo-Peep.
He never smiled, except at Smetana.
He had a bodyguard of Dour Dwarfs
Called the Cult of Personality Service,
Or COPS for short.

Gremlin was mean to his Subjects.
He was suspicious of Foes and Especially
Friends.

He fumed and feuded with a Far-Off
Place
Widely publicized as Freeland Inc.
But he was kind to Smetana.
He carried her around, even as a Big
Girl.

At night she sat on his Knee
And he read her Grim Fairy Tales and
Bedtime Dogmas.
Once he sang Happy Birthday to her
(in her native dialectic).
He gave her a Sailor Suit and wrote her
Friendly Letters
That began, "My Darling
Gremlinskaya . . ."
It was not a Healthy Relationship.

Gremlin wanted to keep his little
Castle-Keeper
And brooded when she grew up and
Up and UP.

One day Smetana met a Prince
Charminsky
Who was very Cosmopolitan.
He showed her the film "Snow White
and the Seven Dwarfs"
And other Hollywood Pixie-Flix.
Gremlin's COPS had bugged the
Projection Room.
He gave Smetana two slaps and the
Prince eleven years.

To get Smetana's mind on Other Things,
Gremlin gave her a Charge Account
At Gloom Department Store;
Made her a student at Gremlingrad U.;
Let her cook, play the Harp and darn
His Socks.
It proved a flop.
He found her marching with the
Gremlin Guard.
"Nyet! Nyet! NYET!" he stormed.
"A Princess has her rights!" she
answered back.
"You Old Bolsheviks dated in your
Day!"

There came a day when Gremlin Passed
Away.

(Continued in the December issue of Ramparts magazine, page 72.)

Building Lyndon Johnson

by David Welsh

In Houston's International Airport is an alcove decorated with color portraits of "The 15 Who Made Houston Tick," mostly business tycoons who, as the Chamber of Commerce never tires of saying, "built our city." Among them is George Rufus Brown, custodian of one of the nation's larger fortunes, board chairman of the mammoth Brown & Root Inc., and close friend and business-political associate of Lyndon Johnson. If someone made a list of the 15 men who made *Johnson* tick, George and his brother Herman would be at or near the top. For the Browns were the principal financiers of his early rise to power, and Lyndon is the man who more than anyone else made them rich. Brown & Root's ascension from penny ante Texas road builder to the world's third largest construction company—which numbers among its contracts a piece of the $1,600,000,000 base construction program in Vietnam—was no accident. It is no Horatio Alger story. It is the story of a politician and a business, on the make together. (Continued in the December issue of Ramparts magazine)

"You must alarm the people of America. Tell them the United States is fighting not only communists but Vietnamese nationals of all religions, beliefs and classes. All of us are in the fight."
—Thich Tri Quang, interviewed by Jonathan Mirsky

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T.R.B. from Washington

LBJ Likes Nixon

★ Good news for Lyndon Johnson. He's up again in the polls after his hoot-and-holler press conference of Nov. 17 and General Westmoreland's coy hints that an American troop pull-out from Vietnam could begin in 1969. But the latest Louis Harris poll has a hooker; it says the President is in serious trouble on the credibility issue.

Fifty-one percent of the voters believe LBJ has not been honest on how many US troops would be sent to Vietnam. Fifty percent think he has raised false hopes about the end of the war. Another opinion survey shows that two-thirds of the American people believe they only sometimes get the truth about the Vietnam situation.

We suspect this is one of the main reasons why Mr. Johnson is so anxious to run against Richard Nixon next year. Democratic strategists say the President would like most of all to face George Romney, whose tongue is attached backward, but failing that, Nixon would be his favorite opponent. Nixon would unite dissident Democrats like nobody else, and he has a credibility image to match LBJ's.

Offered a choice between two cardsharps, Mr. Johnson seems to be saying, the public will prefer the incumbent. One credibility gap will cancel out the other. The Democrats will resurrect all the old Nixoniana ("tricky Dicky," the Hughes loan, the office fund) and especially the film clips of his "farewell" news conference after losing the 1962 California governorship race. This was quintessential Nixon; like Mr. Johnson he blamed everybody else for his troubles, winding up with a bitter blast at reporters – "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore, because, gentlemen, this is my last press conference."

The Republicans, too, are loaded for bear on credibility, and their material is fresher. When it comes to film clips, they are ready with one from Eufala, Okla., on Sept. 25, 1964. Said LBJ in Eufala: "We don't want our American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys . . . to get tied down in a land war in Asia." It looks like a great campaign next fall, all recriminations, little discussion of issues, the GOP convention probably handing LBJ the candidate he has the best chance of beating. Has anyone thought of a McNamara-Rockefeller (or vice versa) ticket?

The President is as sore as a boil about credibility these days. Hardly a news conference goes by without a sarcastic reference to it. "I wouldn't want to be caught in a credibility gap" (Sept. 30). "Now, the press this morning called these measures 'must bills', and that is your credibility, not ours" (Nov. 1). "First, I want to correct you before you get a credibility charge" (Nov. 1). "I have found from previous experience when you even express a hope sometimes you mislead people" (Dec. 4).

But Mr. Johnson goes on misleading, anyway. He has been operating a Circumlocution Office for years; the leopard, it seems, cannot change its spots. The latest instance involved the budget deficit for fiscal 1968. At his Nov. 17 televised press conference, the President left the impression it would be astronomical unless taxes were raised: "Do you want a deficit of $30 or $35 billion; do you want to spend $35 billion more than you are taking in?"

Later, Budget Director Schultze admitted to the House Ways and Means Committee that the '68 deficit, without a tax increase, would be no more than $22.4 billion, and there are estimates that it may be less than that – $19.8-billion. Chairman Martin of the Federal Reserve Board, according to *The New York Times*, denounced LBJ's deficit scare-talk as "irresponsible."

Ho hum. White House reporters are hardened to this kind of thing. A news release acclaiming the President's legislative record gives the "won-lost" percentages for 1964 through 1966, by comparing the number of proposals submitted to Congress with the number enacted. But it omits the number of proposals sent up this year, so that newsmen cannot compute the not-as-good 1967 percentage. Another release hails the Kennedy round of tariff negotiations and lists a half-dozen reductions that various nations will put into effect on American products. No mention of any of the commensurate US tariff cuts on competitive foreign goods.

The public is seldom aware of this kind of finagling. But the credibility gap is an issue nevertheless. It's like a rock thrown in a pool; first the Washington community circulates it, then the word spreads across the country. One theory is that Mr. Johnson's casual approach to the truth demonstrates a contempt for rank-and-file intelligence; people resent the aspersion that they are so dumb they can be fooled all of the time.

McNamara's Service

★ We commented last week on Secretary McNamara's departure, but a random reminiscence comes to mind. During the Kennedy years, at a budget-making session in Palm Beach, Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay protested hotly that a certain item had been removed from his budget. When he paused for breath, McNamara remarked quietly that the item was still in the budget. Oh no, it's not, said the general. Look on page such-and-such, subparagraph so-and-so, said McNamara. LeMay did, and there it was. The source of this story? Mr. Johnson.

According to Mr. Johnson, Kennedy remarked to him later, "Now you see why the Founding Fathers put civilians in control of the military."

In the Pentagon, we suspect, the concern with a holy war against the modern Saladins of communism is less intense than the practical question of making "jobs for the boys," as A. J. P. Taylor puts it. This was one of McNamara's chief services to the republic – restraining military aggrandizement by mastering the oldest tool of power, knowledge. He simply knew more than the generals did about their business. In Mary McGrory's fine phrase, he was "the last human barrier" in government against military ambitions in Vietnam.

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CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-7
Cities in '68, The Chitling Test

Political Party Games
– *David Sanford* 7

McCarthy in Chicago
– *Paul R. Wieck* 9

Out West with Candidate Wallace
– *Laurence Leamer* 11

Training, Equipping the Latin American Military – *Zalin B. Grant* 13

Westmoreland's Progress Report
– *Andrew Hamilton* 15

Recent Wars – *Stanley Kauffmann* 19

BOOKS – *Reviews and poem by Robert Coles, Harold Witt, John W. Lewis* 20

THEATRE – *Robert Brustein* 25

MUSIC – *Robert Evett* 27

CORRESPONDENCE 28

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Cities in '68

Not Vietnam but summer riots in the cities may be uppermost in the voters' minds next year. Before he announced his presidential candidacy, Governor Romney warned a meeting of Republican leaders: "Most Negroes are waiting to see if we mean what we say in America, or whether they have got to have a war of national liberation here." Martin Luther King is not waiting. Last week, he unveiled *his* 1968 campaign. Dr. King proposes to hit the nation's capital. He says the federal government "has the power to act, the resources to tap, and the duty to respond" to the demands of the Negroes, but that "this government lacks the will to make reforms which are demanded by a rising chorus across the nation." Dr. King's evidence that reforms have popular backing is the recent Harris poll which showed that 57 percent of Americans favor a federal program to replace the urban ghettos, a job program for ghetto unemployed, and summer camps for young people in the slums. Vice President Humphrey thinks so too. "On balance," he says, "I think this country is in a mood to move forward toward solving the fundamental problems that led to last summer's riots." However, when the Vice President called for an ambitious plan to wipe out the nation's slums, he got no affirmative response from President Johnson.

The President's Commission on Civil Disorders is expected to report that per-pupil spending for white suburban schools is double the amount spent on inner-city schools attended predominantly by Negroes. The report probably will call for police review boards composed of civilians, and also for a "dialogue" between city establishments and ghetto dwellers. But if, as is rumored, the report also calls for spending up to $3 billion next year, to provide new jobs for ghetto people to help prevent recurrent riots, will Mr. Johnson pay heed? The Administration turned thumbs down on just such a jobs program when it was proposed in the Senate earlier this year. That's why Dr. King says the government never moves to correct a problem involving race until it is confronted "directly and dramatically," and why he believes that what's needed in 1968 is another Selma or Birmingham. He plans a march on Washington by poor Negroes as "a kind of last resort for nonviolence, a search for an alternative to riots."

That strategy may strike a lot of people as standing logic on its head. But Martin Luther King's argument is that the country is full of "angry and bitter people," who will respond to nonviolence only if

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it is "militant" and really doing something. He regards his proposed confrontation with the government in Washington next April as "a last desperate attempt by Negroes to avoid the worst chaos, hatred and violence that any nation has ever encountered." He plans to organize thousands of demonstrators who will seek to create a "massive dislocation" of the nation's capital until America responds to the needs of its poor. The dislocation tactics will include sit-downs to block entrances of federal buildings, including the Capitol and maybe the White House. He is prepared for the kind of retaliation that occurred in 1932, when 15,000 troops led by the late General Douglas MacArthur drove an army of war veterans off federal property. King says, "I imagine the army may try to run us out."

King isn't ignoring Vietnam. In his judgment the United States is fighting two wars, one in Vietnam and the other against poverty and injustice at home, and is "losing both." He is inviting the peace movement to take part in his march on Washington, on the grounds that poverty at home will not be successfully fought until the government withdraws from the war in Asia. That view is widely shared. In Los Angeles the other day, Ray Holland, director of recruiting for the Peace Corps, revealed that applications for the Corps have declined 30 percent over the past year, because of "an increasing reluctance on the part of young people to become associated with the United States government, which they see waging a war they cannot support."

Congress is at least as much to blame as the White House for the war on poverty bogging down. The conferees of House and Senate agreed last week on a two-year extension of the anti-poverty program, and the final version of the legislation is an improvement on what the House demanded. Several damaging amendments were knocked out or modified in conference. The proposed ban on political activity by poverty workers will apply only to their on-the-job hours. People who are helped by the poverty program will be permitted to take part in demonstrations after all. The conferees graciously agreed that $25 million should be used this year to feed the hungry in the South – a proposal which the House had originally rejected. However, when the Office of Economic Opportunity legislation reaches the appropriations stage, it is unlikely to get more than the $1.6 billion that was authorized in the initial House version of the bill for this year.

Republican protests against "city hall control" of the poverty program sound a bit hypocritical in the light of their party's performance this session. Republican senators charge the Administration with selling out the poor to the politicians. But again and again, the Administration has suffered defeats at the hands of the Republicans and the Southern Democrats over welfare programs. The Republicans boast that they have succeeded in cutting appropriations in the 1968 budget by about $6 billion. Most of this saving will be at the expense of the poor. Yet the Republicans take credit for a $5-billion missile defense system, which they boast they bullied the Administration into starting. They were also responsible for bills making it a federal crime to cross state lines to incite a riot, and to desecrate the flag. Neither passed the Senate. They were a waste of the time of Congress, because there is ample provision in existing legislation for dealing with such actions. There *is* need for constructive legislation to avert riots in cities by removing their causes. But here the Republicans, as a party, have had little or nothing to offer.

The plight of Negroes in American society is such that very special efforts have to be made to provide them with jobs, to improve their housing conditions, and to put them in better schools. The Harris poll notwithstanding, a great many whites still ask: "What do the Negroes want? Why don't they work? Why can't they move out of their slums on their own?" The United States Commission on Civil Rights dealt with those questions in the devastating report it recently issued, which should be compulsory reading for all congressmen. In preparing its report, the commission interviewed thousands of ghetto dwellers. All of them without exception felt that they were trapped, caged and in darkness.

A witness in San Francisco had this to say about Negro youths. "When they have to get out on the street at 14 or 15, they consider themselves to be a man, and are going to take on some responsibility because he is the only man in the house, and he has little brothers and sisters in the house, and he sees his mother and brothers and sisters going hungry, half-starving and trying to get the rent in. It is a bare house, like it is a cold feeling even to be there, and you have to go out on the street and become the subject of the same thing out there. There has to be a breaking point." In Boston, another witness said: "My grandmother said

COMING: *A look at the "ugly Americans" in South Vietnam by William J. Lederer*

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things would get better, and my mother said they're going to get better. But I don't see any change. The cops keep pushing us, telling us to move on. We are in perpetual motion." A woman in Gary, Indiana, said she felt she was caught in a treadmill: "People struggling, people wanting, people needing, and nobody to give anyone help."

The Massachusetts State Advisory Committee reported that a recurring theme is the powerlessness of the Negro community. "Whether the people were discussing housing, employment, welfare, the poverty program, education or municipal services, they inevitably made the point that no one listened to them, no one consults them, no one considers their needs." A Harlem woman said: "The rats got in bed with me and my sister is still living in the same building and the rats are jumping up and down." In Cleveland, rats cause $4 million worth of damage each year. This is apart from the ravages of rat-bite fever and other diseases rats give humans. The public housing sectors of ghettos are isolated from many kinds of services: there are no medical facilities, no shopping centers, no drugstores; transportation is bad to nonexistent. In Cleveland, the greatest health problems are concentrated in the East Side Negro areas, but the Commission on Civil Rights was told that the only public hospital was located on the West Side. A Boston Negro family reported calling the police after an incident and waiting 20 minutes with no response. Then someone was smart enough to call again, and say, "Get out here quick, a Negro is beating up a white man." The police were there in two minutes.

A tremendous number of Negroes between the ages of 42 and 65 are being displaced from their unskilled jobs by automation. Unemployment among Negro teen-agers is even more serious. The commission found it as high as 36 percent in some areas, 41 percent in others. Some of these youths probably could get car wash jobs, but a Cleveland minister says: "They want a job that will buy their way into the American way of life." Another witness commented that, "they want in on the American dream, that they see on their broken-down TV screens. . . ." Negro mothers resent the idea that if they are on welfare they have it easy. One comments, "Let anyone who says so try feeding five children on $167 a month."

Negroes expected nothing from the commission's hearings. As one put it, "Like it's nice of you ladies and gentlemen to come down, but it's too bad you don't have the power to do anything. You spend more money on statistics than on solving the problem." The commission itself concludes that "the problems of race and poverty which we face today cannot be resolved unless the solutions are made the nation's first priority." That is the core of Dr. King's crusade.

The Chitling Test

Those schooled in psychometrics have known for some time that traditional tests of intelligence are discriminatory. White, urban, verbal, middle-class people score as relatively more intelligent. The tests do not measure special aptitudes and nonverbal skills of rural, ghetto, lower-class types – people who don't know and don't need to know the difference between "exoteric" and "esoteric." There have been various, but not very successful, attempts to develop a test of innate abilities that doesn't penalize poor Negroes and farm boys.

There is a test, however, which does not purport to be fair, but which is intended as a rebuke to all the others. Devised by Adrian Dove, a social worker in Watts, it is called the Dove Counterbalance Intelligence Test. It is currently making the rounds among VISTA volunteers and other white young people who work in the ghetto and who want to know their "ghetto IQ" and whether they are "culturally deprived." The test consists of 30 multiple choice questions of which the following are samples:

► Which word is out of place here? (a) Splib (b) Blood (c) Grey (d) Spook (e) Black.

► A "Handkerchief head" is (a) a cool cat (b) a porter (c) an "Uncle Tom" (d) a hoddi (e) a "preacher."

► Cheap "chitlings" . . . will taste rubbery unless they are cooked long enough. How soon can you quit cooking them to eat and enjoy them? (a) 15 minutes (b) 2 hours (c) 24 hours (d) 1 week [on a low flame] (e) 1 hour.

► Hattie Mae Johnson is on the county. She has four children and her husband is now in jail for nonsupport, as he was unemployed and was not able to give her any money. Her welfare check is now $286 per month. Last night she went out with the biggest player in town. If she got pregnant, then nine months from now, how much more will her welfare check be? (a) $80 (b) $2 less (c) $35 (d) $150 (e) $100.

► "Hully Gully" came from (a) "East Oakland" (b) Fillmore (c) Watts (d) Harlem (e) Motor City.

The answer is (c) in each case.

Political Party Games

Arnold Silver and John Weston, two University of Massachusetts English professors, have turned a couple of political slurs into a commercial venture – a game called Credibility Gap. It is based on the common assumption that the government tells lies and that it is the job of concerned citizens to penetrate the artful ambiguities, brittle analogies, buttressing half-truths, indignant evasions, veiled contradictions, and slippery innuendoes, and uncover the truth. In the game a

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player throws dice, and moves his man around a game board, getting instructions along the way and drawing cards from a Citizens' Deck and an Administration Pack of Lies. The object of the game is to reach the Big Wheel and a Truth Vault at the center of the board and to acquire a number of Truth Trophies awarded for discovering lies. There are traps along the way. For instance one can be caught in a statistical cobweb or be given an Administration snow job. If a player lands on one of three squares allotted the CIA he forfeits truth trophies and, according to the game's instructions, "he is automatically recruited as an agent. But since the CIA necessarily requires secrecy and deception in its espionage activities, truth-seekers undermine their own methods. Thus the player in becoming an agent damages himself and often his fellow truth-seekers as well."

Credibility Gap is in the tradition of Diplomacy ("the exciting game of international intrigue. Be the first on your block to control Europe.") and other games which satirize deceit and avarice while instructing players in their practice.

Silver, who says the idea for Credibility Gap came to him as a flash in the night, seems a bit concerned that the game might be considered a personal attack on President Johnson. "The credibility gap," Silver says, "existed before; Johnson just widened it." Silver hopes the game will be no more dated than Falsehood itself and that it can "outlast Johnson." The perishability of the game is, in fact, a big concern to its originators, who together have a $15,000 investment at stake in the Amherst Game Company which they formed to market Gap. They had at first offered it to two of the big game companies (Silver won't say which two). One firm said they liked it but wanted the political material deleted. The other company, apparently with little faith in Lyndon Johnson's political future, told Silver they thought the game would be dead after November '68. The two originators and Carl Schmarz, an Amherst College art professor who did the graphics for the game, then approached the American Publishing Corporation in Waltham, Mass., which agreed to manufacture it. APC does a lively business making games to order for corporations. They did Top Banana for the United Fruit Company, for example. Silver and his associates (the professors' wives man the phone listed for Amherst Game Company) are now in great demand for interviews, radio and TV programs, etc. – and the game, first offered as a mail order item, will be available in stores in time for the Christmas trade.

Credibility Gap is just one of a number of topical games of a political sort. Hostility, for more aggressive types, is a dart board with interchangeable pictures of Johnson, Reagan, Nixon, Nasser, and, for some reason, Freud, to vent one's violence on vicariously. The Propaganda Game, based on a book, *Thinking Straight*, by George H. Mound, teaches "the techniques professionals use to mold public opinion – Quotation Out of Context, Rationalization, Technical Jargon, The Bandwagon Appeal, Faulty Analogy – and 50 others." A Michigan student corporation puts out Consensus. Then there's Election '68, marketed by CreaTek Inc., a Los Angeles game company.

It is a strategy game built around the personalities and issues in next year's presidential contest. Each player serves as proxy for one of about two dozen candidates and other party big guns whose support they seek. The goal is to win the election by capturing the electoral votes of the states depicted as a map on the game board. Candidates take positions on various issues, including the war and abortions and seek to avoid political crises like being exposed by Drew Pearson or being hanged in effigy at Berkeley. Players include Reagan, Rockefeller, Javits, Lindsay, Kennedy, Fulbright, Humphrey, Goldberg, the Wallaces, and on and on. CreaTek sent a copy of the game to various politicians and has a file of their replies. Mayor Lindsay wrote, "I look forward to trying my luck." That may be taken by some as a declaration of candidacy. Rockefeller took it all very seriously, said he was interested in the concept of "combining recreation with political education." Senator Dirksen said he "had occasion to examine it ever so briefly" and found it "appealing." Governor Reagan's staff ordered 12. With politics as fluid as it is, the company plans to update the game from time to time. The first change it contemplates is taking out McNamara and putting in Eugene McCarthy.

Finally, for those who are disillusioned with electoral politics, who find it all irrelevant and want to drop out, there is The Fish Game. It comes free with the latest record album put out by the rock group, Country Joe and the Fish. The record, titled "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die" is all acid rock and political barb. (Its comment on the war: "Be the first one on your block to have a boy come home in a box.") The Fish Game is a colorful maze board. Each player takes the identity of one of the Fish – Joe, Barry, David, Bruce or Chicken. Players roll a dice and move the specified number of spaces in any direction, scoring points and joints when they land on such places as the Avalon Ballroom or the Fillmore Auditorium. There are spaces marked Acid Trip: Take Two Extra Turns, Kiss Somebody, and You're Busted: Go to Jail. ("When you're busted you lose your turn, one point, and all the joints in your possession. If you're not holding joints you just go to 'visiting jail'.") The goal is to score points although, as the instructions conclude, "The game is never over. You can stop any time." Also, "you can make up your own rules."

DAVID SANFORD

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McCarthy in Chicago

Sen. Eugene McCarthy (D, Minn.) went to Chicago the first weekend in December to find his anxious troops in the Conference of Concerned Democrats a half mile further down the road than he was. They came from 42 states, 500-strong, carefully selected and, in many cases, representing substantial groups within the party structure. All wanted marching orders and the funds to carry them out. They received neither but went home still determined to work for their new hero.

A mood of optimism pervaded the gathering. Just how realistic it is depends upon the validity of the major assumption of each and every delegate, namely, that growing numbers of rank-and-file Democratic voters share their distaste for President Johnson – his war, his personality, his policies in general. They came convinced that what would be seen in Chicago that weekend was only that part of a huge, largely submerged iceberg that is visible to the naked eye. To them, it was self-evident that when the Titan in the White House collides with the part still submerged, his ship will sink beneath the waves of popular discontent.

"The dynamic of this thing is the revulsion," explained State Rep. Harry Beardsley of West Des Moines, Iowa. He came on his own, found 60 other Iowans there and was elected chairman of their caucus. A day later, on Sunday morning, he was asked to appraise the chances of the "dump Johnson" effort in his state. He paused for a few seconds, then looked up to say: "It wouldn't be a miracle."

To this was added their delight at having a candidate of stature in Gene McCarthy. Until a few weeks ago, they nursed only small hopes that someone would come forward. Now they find themselves led by a prominent figure within their party, a man who isn't a bomb thrower primarily interested in scaring suburban housewives, a man who hasn't demagogued the Vietnamese issue but, instead, raises serious questions in a solemn tone. A "Mr. Clean" with intellectual prowess. Repeatedly, delegates expressed wonder at having such a candidate to rally around in 1968.

But what is humanly possible may not be very far removed from the miracle Harry Beardsley says isn't necessary in Iowa to translate the anti-Johnson feeling there into a McCarthy delegation at Chicago next summer. Certainly, the Chicago conference exposed both the strengths and weaknesses of that portion of the iceberg that the eye can see.

Who came to Chicago?

The first thing an observer noticed was the type of person. It was an eminently respectable group, drawn in large measure from the ranks of reform liberals from Boston to Los Angeles, predominantly upper middle class, white and intellectual. There were more goatees on middle-aged college professors than beards on college kids. In both cases, they were washed and trimmed. Allard Lowenstein made sure of that. In short, he invited the kind that wouldn't frighten the suburban housewife and observers were impressed.

Lowenstein, the spark plug of the conference, called it the "broadest cross-section of Democratic Party officials ever to meet outside a Democratic National Convention." That was probably an exaggeration. On the other hand, most operate within the party structure; the bulk of them have rung a doorbell or two in their day. They want to stay in the party but refashion it.

David Hoeh, chairman of a new McCarthy group in New Hampshire, expressed the prevalent feeling when he said "we want to be a within-the-party sort of organization" and explained that people in his state are being attracted by the "fact we're not going third party." Mrs. Hoeh, for instance, is chairman of the party in one of the state's two congressional districts. Their growing list of supporters includes local officials, legislators, second- and third-echelon party officers.

Outside of these states in which the urban machine mentality is completely dominant – Chicago, some states of the Northeast, etc. – delegates who normally work within the party structure reported no pressure from party leaders to lay off. In fact, they were getting quiet encouragement from top party officials. But, as one delegate explained, "The top party officials can't move yet."

Thus, the absence of "name" Democrats at Chicago.

Equally important were the people who weren't there. On the one hand, the people who poured into Chicago for the New Politics conference in the early fall were, with a few exceptions, missing. Councilman Ted Weiss of Manhattan, who was at both, contrasted the two by calling the second meeting "much duller, but more effective." But few of the New Politics people were invited.

However, two of the three major components of the traditional liberal coalition were also largely unrepresented – the minority groups and organized labor. This was an ominous sign. The intellectuals (academics, students, clergy, liberal businessman, etc.) who provide much of the coalition's leadership and have been the force behind reform movements in New York City, and in California, Illinois and a scattering of other states were there. But, though the intellectual wing of

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the coalition has offered the middle-class leadership so desperately needed in state after state, organized labor and the minority groups have put up the votes it takes to win.

Thus, an important "if" is spotlighted – "if" the mood of the working-class Catholic in Massachusetts and of the urban Negro in the ghetto really constitutes a submerged iceberg.

Only time and a few primaries can answer that.

There were pitifully few Negroes in attendance. The advocates of black power aren't making the white, middle-class liberal scene this season, on the one hand, and a good deal of the party organization in the ghettos is machine-oriented, on the other. In addition, Vietnam isn't "the" issue in the ghetto right now. Those present, however, represented new forces gathering at a grass-roots level in the Negro community during the sixties. Two are illustrative – Robert Clark of Lexington, Miss., who recently became the first Negro elected to the Mississippi legislature since Reconstruction, from Holmes County, where the Freedom Democratic Party has a strong precinct organization among the small farmers in a predominantly Negro county; and Alderman A. A. Rayner Jr., who unseated an alderman hand-picked by the Dawson-Daley machine in a middle-class ward on Chicago's South Side, where the white-collar and blue-collar Negroes living in single family homes have been in growing revolt against the machine for several years. This kind of strength has some meaning and could be translated into voting delegates. Certainly, it is the type of practical political activity that finds natural allies in the white, middle-class community.

On the other hand, the only way to keep students from overflowing the convention and giving rise to new claims that Senator McCarthy was leading a "children's crusade" was to limit their official registration to 40 or 50. However, hundreds poured in for the public meeting to chant "We Want Gene," wave signs saying "Bye, Bye Birds," "Is Lyndon Johnson A Bad Dream?" and "If America Needs Lyndon, America Needs Help." The slogans were carefully selected to avoid too violent an emotional outpouring.

Perhaps the best measurement of student reaction to Senator McCarthy, aside from the overwhelming response he receives on campuses around the country, is found in the fact that in a 48-hour period, students' leaders at the conference were able to round up signatures from 125 student body presidents from colleges large and small, for a joint endorsement of Senator McCarthy's objectives. It is doubtful if backers of any other candidate on either ticket could do as well in 48 days on the telephone.

Much is made of the appeal of Senator McCarthy on the campus. He, himself, seems acutely aware of the political trauma on the campus today, as witnessed by his stress, in his announcement, of the need to offer them some kind of hope, some vehicle for constructive political activity.

At Chicago were a number of students who charged the Pentagon earlier this fall. Each explained his need, at that time, to give vent to his frustrations in not having a constructive alternative. Now they were in Chicago, eager to work within the electoral processes. Senator McCarthy may save the younger voters en masse for his party by his decision to challenge President Johnson in the primaries.

Perhaps the most impressive thing about Chicago in early December was the ease with which the Conference of Concerned Democrats lined up officially behind the McCarthy candidacy. As a group, reform liberals are notoriously garrulous, often purists. Zolton Ferency of Michigan pinpointed this tendency in his speech before the conference when he said he's seen a "whole convention hung up over whether it should be a comma or a semicolon." The ingredients for a hang-up were there when the delegates arrived. Large numbers of them privately yearn for Bobby Kennedy, the heir apparent of their political dreams and the one man they're convinced could really up-end LBJ in 1968. No doubt, many left Chicago hoping Senator McCarthy will only serve to break open the convention through a series of primary wins and, in the process, open the way for RFK. Yet, they readily agreed to a unanimous endorsement of Senator McCarthy. This transformation took place in the caucuses.

But something else happened in the same caucuses. Encouraged by this contact with fellow Democrats of the same mind (it was the first time that I've seen a truly happy gathering of white, middle-class liberals in several years), they broadened their plans. Illinois is an example. Some of the delegates were invited only hours or days before registration opened, and little thought had been given as to how to translate this enthusiasm into action. Yet, the Illinois caucus (71 were registered from that state) reported to the convention that plans were under way to challenge the regular organization's candidates in all 24 congressional districts. As a practical matter, there are a few districts in Chicago that can't be touched but the majority of the districts, some in Chicago, most of the suburban areas and the bulk of downstate Illinois, are up for grabs.

Illinois thus becomes typical of what has been happening around the country in recent weeks. Early in the fall, it appeared that the challenge to LBJ would be limited to a peace slate in the California primary, some spotty efforts by Reform Democrats in New York City and peace groups in the suburbs, and the

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challenge of the Draft Kennedy people in New Hampshire and the District of Columbia, to name two areas. Suddenly, in Chicago, a much broader effort surfaced. The New York drive has been extended to upstate metropolitan areas, which were well represented, and college centers. Forces are gathering in convention states such as Colorado, Iowa, Michigan and Minnesota, to name a few. In state after state, statewide meetings are being scheduled. Soon, the only part of the country left untouched will be the South, which had only a sprinkling of delegates at Chicago.

This brings me to another of those inevitable "ifs" that kept surfacing in Chicago – Senator McCarthy himself. Although he has been steadily escalating his campaign since the idea of actually running against President Johnson began to take root in his mind, a good many of his troops are, as I say, further down the road than he is. In fact, he still gives the impression from the podium (his Chicago speech was flat) that he is challenging President Johnson to a polite debate or, perhaps, a seminar instead of a no-holds-barred fight for the most powerful office in the world. Despite this, support escalates.

The problem is, Senator McCarthy doesn't seem quite prepared for it. His troops, already deeply committed, came to Chicago to get two things – marching orders and an idea of the funding they will have to carry them out. A couple of delegations went home disappointed because neither were provided. As of this writing, Senator McCarthy still hasn't selected a campaign manager (he's looking over a list of top echelon men), a fund chairman or a press secretary. This, of course, can be remedied easily. However, there is a danger that the nationwide organization put together by Lowenstein and his aides will be allowed to dissipate itself without proper leadership. This, considering the care with which it was assembled, would be unfortunate.

At Chicago, the delegates were acutely aware of one more thing. One issue – Vietnam – had brought most, if not all, of them to the Windy City. But other groups in the electorate are worried about other things – family farmers about the Administration's handling of the farm program, minority groups about the need for a greater commitment in the ghettos and along the migrant stream. These indigenous forces of radicalism must also be harnessed for the campaign. Wisconsin is a typical example. There, the McCarthy forces have real strength in three of 10 districts. Four more might be added overnight with the right appeal on the farm issue, thus giving McCarthy a real chance in the state.

In many respects, the Chicago weekend offered a study of the strengths and weaknesses of the McCarthy movement punctuated by a series of "ifs."

"If" the mood of the electorate is really such that a major effort can be made to deny renomination to President Johnson, a good start has been made.

This will be answered early – by the working-class Catholics in Massachusetts and, possibly, New Hampshire; by the farmers in Wisconsin and Nebraska; by the Negroes in the ghettos of Milwaukee and Boston; by the white-collar workers in the Boston suburbs.

If the answer is "yes, the mood is there," Senator McCarthy will assuredly return to Chicago next summer with a sizeable bloc of delegates inasmuch as the Democratic Party's structure, outside Chicago and a few machine-oriented states in the Northeast, is, at best, a shell. It wouldn't resist a massive, well-funded effort riding the crest of a voter mood. Thanks, in part, to the way President Johnson has run, or failed to run, the Democratic National Committee.

If that answer is "yes," one can expect top officials in the party to come forth as the months roll by.

Its long-range significance could be to recharge the batteries of a tired party structure and convert it in many areas into a vehicle responsive to the will of the electorate.

If Senator McCarthy accomplishes nothing more than this, he will have made a valuable contribution. Much now rests with him.

Even if all the "ifs" turn out right, he must still throw himself into a hard-hitting, personalized campaign that will arouse the interest of the voters if all this is to be translated into convention delegates.

The beginnings – but just beginnings – were to be found in Chicago the first weekend in December.

PAUL R. WIECK

Out West with Candidate Wallace

San Francisco

Puffing on a large cigar, George C. Wallace burst into the barber shop of the Sheraton-Palace Hotel. Two bodyguards rushed to cover the entrances. "The Governor" sat down in a marbled black and white swivel chair; a nervous Italian began snipping tiny ends off Wallace's black, greasy hair; a Swedish manicurist manicured his stubby hands; and an old Negro knelt before him to polish his shoes. Wallace talked:

"All these hoi polloi people who sit in their ivory towers strokin' their beards, what do they understand? I'll tell you these *folks* – workin' folks, barbers and manicurists – understand more about what's going on than any of these college professors. The barbers knew Castro before. They knew he was a com-

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munist. Like this man. Didn't you know!"

"Yes, sir."

"Before it was in the newspapers."

"Yes, sir."

That evening, the man who four years ago said he meant to "determine in the next election who shall sit in the White House of these United States," met 1,500 people in San Francisco's Veterans' Auditorium. There was a church supper atmosphere. Folks were real friendly. Wallace arrived late, as is his custom. A huge Alabaman warmed up the audience ("We come to you with the slogan 'Stand Up for AME-R-R-RICA' "). Hand-lettered signs waved in the air: THROW THE RASCALS OUT. GOD BLESS AMERICA. GOD BLESS WALLACE. A preacher prayed "that we may hear and understand the great message we will hear tonight."

Fifteen Alabama Public Safety Department officers on state salary accompanied Wallace on this Western tour in late October and early November – all of them large men with their walkie-talkies and pistols strapped on shoulders or hips. There were demonstrators outside the Veterans' Auditorium, but two of the officers stood at the entrance screening arrivals. When the local police showed up, a sergeant ordered the Alabama guard to "let everybody in – you're in California, not Alabama." (Demonstrators don't bother Wallace. Bill Jones, his campaign manager, has written that during the 1964 presidential primaries, "They [pickets] were encouraged every way we knew how, short of endorsing what they were doing." Wallace needs them.)

"The Governor" opened up at about 20 minutes after eight. During the entire speech several bodyguards stood at far edges of the platform, their eyes running back and forth across row upon row of friendly supporters. Wallace, bent over the rostrum, a small pale man in a perfectly pressed suit, jabbed with his right hand as he addressed the crowd in that supercharged voice: "And so we see that the issue today in our country is that pseudo-intellectuals . . . don't have any confidence in the average man on the street." Then, his tongue curling around each syllable *"– the taxicab driver, the textile worker, the barber, the beautician, the little businessman, the big businessman."*

Pinpointed in a stream of light, Wallace could see only a vague field of upturned faces. There were few of *his* people – few taxicab drivers, barbers, or beauticians. Indeed, there were conservative church folk in solid-patterned suits and knee-hugging skirts; old people frightened by an America that has grown away from them ("I've been 46 years building up my home and I sell to who I want"); clean-cut kids; business people ("So many people are so wiped out after taxes"); and a few workers ("30 years ago the common man knew where he stood; I don't think he knows where he's standing today").

The villain in every Wallace speech is the "pseudo-intellectual." "Now most of these people don't even know what *pseudo* means," comments a Wallace aide. "But they'll get home, look it up in a dictionary, and remember." A good Wallace performance (his aides refer to each speech as a "performance") carries the audience to within an inch of action. "If the politicians don't watch out," he said in San Francisco, "you're gonna run over them. If they don't give you a choice I'm gonna come back to this fine state of California and we're gonna stir up something together!"

Almost before the last ripple of applause had died away, Wallace was in the back seat of a large sedan speeding for the airport. His car streaked onto the runway and stopped near the plane – an old DC-6 (rented in Texas), piloted by Wallace's long-time personal pilot (an Alabaman), and equipped with two gushingly hospitable former stewardesses (Texans). Silhouetted by auto headlights, Wallace walked up almost under the plane's belly, shook hands with the ground crew.

He was tired. At 48, he seems worn. He is hard of hearing – at press conferences, an aide usually stands behind him, repeating questions. As he entered the airplane an aide asked, "Governor, there's a policeman who'd like to come along for the ride."

"Why, sure, let him come along."

A dour-faced sheriff's deputy found himself an unwanted seat over the wing and looked ahead a dozen seats to where Wallace sat. "The Governor" was one of his heroes. Wallace greeted him, then turned to me.

"The little folks are sick of what's going on. All this rioting."

"Yes, I know," the policeman interjected. "I've got the hand to prove it," he said thrusting his open hand up before Wallace like an offering.

Wallace glanced at a pink palm with a festering cut, at the man's face, finally at me. "I know what this man thinks." He reflected for a moment, "Not his exact words but what he thinks." Then he headed farther down the aisle, not giving the policeman a chance to tell how he had been cut by bottle-wielding Negroes after a high-school football game.

In Sacramento, it was the same frenzied pace – morning television taping, noon luncheon address, afternoon TV program, an evening rally with an overflow audience. After the speech, the hotel switchboard was jammed as people called to ask how to switch registrations to Wallace's American Independent Party.

"The Governor" was elated the next morning; a local television station had announced that 68 percent of those voting in a telephone public opinion poll favored him for President.

But what would he do if elected? "Why I would first

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stop foreign aid and I'd have a talk with our allies and say, 'If you expect us to be the first line of defense, you've got to be with us'."

"We don't think that freedom of speech gives one the right to advocate the victory of the Viet Cong," he said. That's the hypocrisy! If these anarchists would spend time fighting the Viet Cong instead of the police! I'm talking about Berkeley – big talk about open housing and then vote it down. Folks in our state don't understand a school system like Washington where there aren't any white people."

The conversation turned to demonstrations. What would he have done about the demonstrations at the Pentagon? Wallace, angry, raised a fist: "I'd take a billy club and I'd drive it two inches into their skulls!"

It proved a good morning for the candidate. An interview went well. The interviewer had scarcely time to phrase his complicated questions before Wallace was driving home his simple statements: "We have less nonwhite unemployment in Alabama than in California!" Fresno and a Rotary Club luncheon followed Sacramento. The Rotarians howled and applauded. When Wallace again appeared on television that afternoon, the commentator told him he was "doing the right thing."

At the Bakersfield airport about 60 greeters were on hand. It was turning out to be a real fine day for the Wallace crowd. Several aides commented on how friendly the town was. On reaching his hotel, Wallace hurried upstairs for the press conference. As he entered the room, he appeared somewhat taken aback. The place had the look of a theatre one hour before a performance. Fewer than a dozen reporters sat at several long tables before the podium. In the rear, a few cameramen fiddled with their equipment. An aide asked if they wanted to move up front. They didn't.

Finally, a reporter asked a question. Wallace's answer sounded as hollow as the question. Another reporter managed to phrase a question. Wallace replied. Long pauses. From the back of the room a woman reporter cried out: "What are the job opportunities for Negroes in Alabama?"

"Honey, you'll have to come a little nearer so I can hear you," said Wallace as he walked toward the girl. "What are the job opportunities for Negroes in Alabama?"

It was the question he needed. Wallace pivoted on his heels and hurried back to the podium repeating out loud, "What are the job opportunities for Negroes?" He was now the familiar, gutty, tenacious George C. Wallace, candidate for President, needing controversy as some men need liquor:

"We have more Negro college presidents in Alabama than you. . . ."

Laurence Leamer

Alliance against Revolution

Training, Equipping the Latin American Military

by Zalin B. Grant

Seventy-two Green Berets parachuted last week into Panama's jungles. Their mission was to organize guerrilla forces for the deposed leader of Amanap, a mythical Latin American country. Amanap's pro-Western government was recently overturned by a military coup. When it turned out the coup leaders leaned toward Colonia, a nearby communist country, the old government took to the hills and called in the US.

That is the scenario from Seabreeze – Savage Follies I, an elaborate insurgency exercise involving the 8th US Special Forces and Air Force's 605th Air Commando Squadron now going on in the steamy jungles of Panama. In the face of the *real* war, the Special Forces' war games leaves one chillingly uncomfortable, especially the presumption that Green Berets would be called upon to organize guerrilla forces for a deposed Latin American government. In the past five years, nine duly elected civilian presidents have been deposed by military coups in Latin America.

Unfortunately, Seabreeze – Savage Follies I – illustrates the presumption that has marked foreign policy since 1961 when emphasis was shifted in Latin America from hemisphere defense to internal security. In 1959 an assistant defense secretary assured a congressional committee that the biggest threat to South America was "Submarine action in the Caribbean Sea and along the coast of Latin America." Under Kennedy, military aid and strategy abruptly shifted from the protection of coastlines to internal defense against Castro-type guerrilla warfare, and has been continued by President Johnson. Defense Secretary McNamara a few months ago told Congress: "The primary objective in Latin America is to aid, where necessary, in the continued development of indigenous military and paramilitary forces capable of providing, in conjunction with police and other security forces, needed domestic security."

There are at present three major areas of US military involvement in Latin America, outside the protection of the Panama Canal: (1) the US School of the Americas located in the Canal Zone, which turns out 1,400 Latin American military graduates yearly; (2) 8th Special Forces Latin American operations; (3) the

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Military Assistance Program, which has 43 missions in 17 countries. The first two violate the 1903 treaty with Panama, which provides that troops stationed in the Canal Zone will be used for the protection of the canal. The third is under growing criticism from Congress.

Understandably, the most controversial of the three is the Special Forces operations in Latin America. At Fort Gulick on the Atlantic side of the Canal Zone, a sign in front of a neat row of whitewashed barracks announces: "8th Special Forces – Special Action Force for Latin America." The Special Action Force is one of two (the other is at Fort Bragg, designed for assignment to the Middle East if necessary) specially tailored Green Beret units. It is assigned 800 Green Berets.

The specialty of the Special Action Force is its 17 mobile training teams (MTT's), which are hastily dispatched by World War II vintage commando aircraft throughout Central and South America at the request of Latin American governments. In theory, the MTT's supplement the regular US military advisers who are assigned to most countries. Since the Special Forces arrived in Panama in late 1962, MTT's have operated in every Latin American country except Cuba, Haiti and Mexico. The counterinsurgency teams may be dispatched to Costa Rica for two weeks to conduct a technical inspection on military equipment or seven months to Bolivia to help wipe out guerrillas.

"You can't say we're just teaching the Latin Americans to move, shoot and communicate," says a Green Beret major. "We teach them everything from riot control to driver training."

Indeed, of the nine MTT's currently operating "down country" – Special Forces lingo for anything south of Panama – only two devote full time to teaching counterinsurgency – the 16-man team in Bolivia which trained the ranger battalion that killed Cuban revolutionary Ché Guevara and a 12-man A-Team which recently moved into Honduras, where intelligence reports indicate guerrilla bands are now forming. In seven other countries where MTT's are operating – Colombia, Argentina, Guatemala, Chile, Peru, Panama and Uruguay – a variety of skills are taught Latin American soldiers.

But the *raison d'être* for the Special Forces in counterinsurgency – or insurgency – and the euphoria of the 8th Special Forces, comes not from teaching Guatemalans shop maintenance but Bolivians how to track down guerrillas. The Green Berets did their job well in Bolivia. Arriving last April 14, the 16-man team, largest ever dispatched in Latin America, set about teaching the basics of unconventional warfare to the Bolivian 2nd Ranger Battalion. One can only speculate whether the Bolivian soldiers could have tracked down Guevara without help, for the Green Berets helped the Bolivians solve their snarled problems of field logistics, communications and, significantly, intelligence. The commander of the 8th Special Forces intelligence detachment went to Bolivia to take charge.

Nearby the Special Forces base at Fort Gulick is the US School of the Americas, staffed by 215 US military instructors from the US Southern Command. Since 1955 when the school was established in an old World War II hospital building, 21,294 Latin American military men have graduated from the school which has a curriculum of 41 courses, ranging from two to 40 weeks in length, all taught in Spanish. Counterinsurgency is a priority course. The school counts some of the most important military leaders of Latin America as alumni, including Colombia and Bolivia's defense ministers. Panamanians aren't very happy with a US-sponsored military academy in their backyard, and under terms of the new treaty they are drafting, the School of the Americas is specifically outlawed.

With the School of the Americas turning out 1,400 trained Latin American military men yearly, some countries are wondering why the US needs such large military missions in their countries. So is Congress. The US originally got involved in Latin America to counter the threat of Nazi subversion before World War II. By 1942 all European military missions had been withdrawn, and the US had the monopoly it has maintained since.

There are at present 43 military missions in 17 countries, ranging in size from five persons in Panama to 103 in Brazil. The military missions total nearly 800 men from all four US services. The argument for these missions since 1955 has been that unless the US trained and equipped Latin American armies they would turn to Western Europe (France is the current villain) or Russia for assistance. Ninety percent of US military assistance goes to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Venezuela, Peru and Colombia – countries which already have sophisticated military establishments.

The Pentagon says the military assistance program is being deemphasized. Congress several weeks ago slashed $10 million from the $85 million requested by the Administration in the new military assistance appropriations bill for Latin America. But at the same time Congress was debating the cuts, the Pentagon sent three new Huey helicopters – the type used in Vietnam – to the 31-man mission in Guatemala. An item in short supply in Vietnam, the Hueys undoubtedly will be put to good use by the American officers advising the Guatemalan army, which since the Bolivian scare has been worriedly combing the mountains north of Zacapa for César Montes and his ragged band of pro-Castro guerrillas.

"The first thing I tell my men when they get to Panama," says a Green Beret officer, "is that we are not operational, just teachers." Sound familiar?

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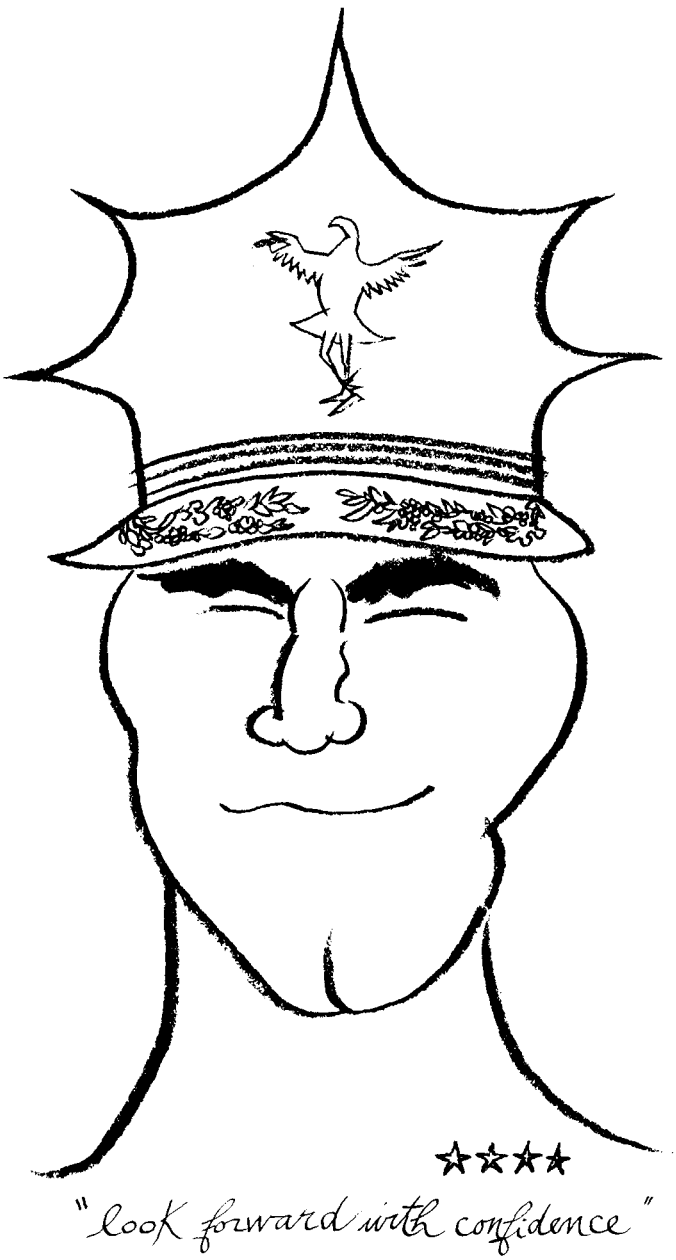
Westmoreland's Progress Report

by Andrew Hamilton



Gen. William C. Westmoreland has a winning manner. His heavy eyebrows, prominent chin and West Point posture combine with an almost boyish openness of countenance and a modest turn of speech to make him at once impressive and appealing. This, no doubt, is why President Johnson chose him to revive the public's flagging patience with the Vietnam war during last month's visit to Washington by the American team in Saigon. While Westmoreland and Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker shared a crowded week of speeches, a television appearance, briefings for Congress and background meetings with the press, it was Westmoreland who projected confidence most forcefully and most frequently.

The general's "Progress Report" before the National Press Club was artful, with its orderly analysis of the "four phases" of the course of the war. (We are rounding out the second, moving into the third and simultaneously glimpsing the fourth and "final" phase, perhaps two years away, when token withdrawals of American forces can begin.) But in spite of its freshness and its careful qualifiers ("We have reached an important point where the end begins to come into view") it conveyed the same message of official optimism that has been the government's Vietnam stock-in-trade since 1961. This is an understandable exercise for a government which is fighting to preserve its policy in Vietnam as well as its continued existence in office. But the number of Americans fighting in Vietnam will soon be raised by 50,000 to 525,000; and Westmoreland had asked President Johnson for still more. Last month's performance should be assessed as part of a political campaign, not as a candid review of the war situation.

For instance, during his briefing of the Pentagon pressmen, General Westmoreland disclosed a new intelligence estimate that North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces in South Vietnam declined from 285,000 men to 242,000 men between the summer of 1966 and the summer of 1967. This was interesting news, because the figure routinely available at the Pentagon for the past several months showed the communist forces holding steady at 297,000, their high point in the war. Questioned about it, the general said his figures were "not inconsistent" with previous estimates, because they dealt only with "armed strength." He indicated that they came from a new study "which is not fully completed yet." Two days later, the US command in Saigon made public some results of the study, repeating the claim that communist "armed strength" in the South had declined by over 40,000 in the past year. But the study also made it clear that the total number of communist troops, militia and agents in the South is much larger than previously suspected. It could be over 400,000 at present.

The new study was based in large part on communist documents captured in the past two years. It made the largest changes in the estimated number of guerillas and political cadre. The old figures placed the number of local and regional guerrillas at somewhere between 33,000 and 40,000. The new study puts the

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number between 70,000 and 90,000, adding that the guerrillas "probably numbered well over 100,000 a year ago." The old figures placed the size of the communist political cadre in the South – what Saigon calls the "infrastructure" or the "shadow government" – at about 40,000. The new study estimates that there are 75,000 to 85,000.

Further, the old figures put the number of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong combat troops in the "main force" communist battalions and regiments at about 113,000 men. The new study says this number was actually as high as 127,000 men in 1966, and is now about 118,000. The old figures estimated that the communists had 25,000 administrative and support troops. The new study says the number is actually between 35,000 and 40,000.

In citing a figure for "armed strength" of the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese, the new study includes main force troops, guerrillas and administrative personnel, but not political cadre. The new study drops altogether the estimates for two other groups of personnel that, along with the political cadre, were part of the old overall figure for communist strength of 297,000. These are the "self-defense forces" and the "secret self-defense forces." The former were described as "operating at all levels from village to region" as "home guards, primarily for the control and light defense of VC-held areas." They were said to include "personnel of all ages" and to have "a high percentage of females." The latter category was described as "essentially low-level fifth columnists, used for information collection." Although dismissing these groups from the official "order of battle," the study noted that "they cause some casualties and some damage" and form an intelligence network and a "base for recruitment as well as for political and logistical support work." The old estimates set the number of these harassing agents and home guards somewhat arbitrarily, at up to 80,000. The odds are strong that the actual number is much higher. But even if one accepts the old number and adds in the new estimates for the other components of communist strength in South Vietnam, the total comes to over 400,000 even after subtracting the losses cited by Westmoreland. This is 30 percent higher than the old estimate.

Two points about these numbers are of interest. First, General Westmoreland conceded at the Pentagon briefing, in answer to a question, that North Vietnam has units in reserve which could be committed to South Vietnam as reinforcements (as distinguished from the replacements which it regularly sends south). He also sidestepped a question concerning the problems that would be posed if China began supplying troops to replace the manpower losses of the Viet-

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namese communists. The point is that the other side could prolong the big-unit war by drawing additional manpower from outside South Vietnam. Second, if the new estimates are accepted, the local, mostly native Viet Cong structure is about twice as large as anybody on the allied side was willing to concede officially as recently as midsummer, and this despite some attrition. The political part of the structure, the heartwood of the tree, appears to be untouched, suggesting that General Westmoreland's forces have at best pruned some branches. The size of the local Viet Cong structure helps to explain the slow pace of the pacification program.

One claim made by General Westmoreland and Ambassador Bunker during their visit here and frequently repeated was that about 67 percent of South Vietnam's 17 million people live under government "control," or as it is sometimes put by officials, under government "protection," and about 17 percent under Viet Cong control. This claim is based on detailed reports from American officers in the field under the Hamlet Evaluation Survey (HES). Following a checklist of 18 criteria, officers grade each of South Vietnam's 12,000 rural hamlets for degree of government control – or protection – on a descending scale of A through E. If the hamlet is thoroughly controlled by the Viet Cong it is graded V. In compiling its claim that two-thirds of the population live under government control, the American mission in Saigon lumps together 3.5 million living in cities and 8 million living in class A, B and C hamlets. About 2.5 million persons in class D and class E hamlets are said to be "contested," while just under 3 million persons are said to be under Viet Cong control. This interpretation – particularly the claim of government control of all 4 million persons living in class C hamlets – appears open to question (although it is said to be supported by experience in the recent elections). And it masks the existence of 2 million people whom bombing and other aspects of the war have turned into homeless refugees in the past two years.

Whatever the validity of doubts about this interpretation of the HES data, the monthly surveys throw a strong light on current communist military and political tactics in South Vietnam. Recent HES reports have recorded a substantial reversion of formerly secure hamlets in the northern provinces as the result of a coordinated effort by main force battalions and local guerrillas against the US Marines and Vietnamese army in the First Corps area. The big battles along the demilitarized zone last spring and summer drew the allied forces away from the populated areas, exposing them to repenetration by communist political agents and local guerrillas. The big battles had the further effect of dramatizing US casualties in a theatrically barren setting. Now the communist forces seem to be trying the technique further south. In the recent big battles at Loc Ninh in the Third Corps area and Dak To in the Second Corps area, the first part of the pattern was repeated. The communist threat brought the allied forces out of the coastal valleys and delta farmlands to fight for apparently worthless real estate in the remote border zones, under terms relatively favorable for the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese units. The First Cavalry Division, for instance, sent

"we will give you a success"

"the enemy's hopes are bankrupt"

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a brigade which had been engaged in pacification work in coastal Binh Dinh province. Earlier, the division had sent another brigade north to prevent the situation in the First Corps area from deteriorating further. "We have had to cancel the pacification operation in Anlao Valley (in Binh Dinh province)," said an official in Washington to Hedrick Smith of *The New York Times*. "In terms of Hanoi's strategy, this is a crashing success." It is too early to tell how well the communists will exploit this success. But they have clearly stepped up their hit-and-run raids in populated areas, following the pattern developed earlier in the year in the northern provinces. And Hanoi is predicting sustained pressure throughout the winter. So it seems too early as well for General Westmoreland's assessment of Dak To, which he called "the beginning of a great defeat of the enemy."

To sustain the pressure in the central highlands and west of Saigon, the communists must make use of sanctuaries in Cambodia for supply, training and planning bases. The units then slip across the border and quietly prepare the battlefields where they hope to draw the allies into a fight. When the allied attack is mounted, the communists can break contact and slip back across the border to safety. "It's hard to play chess with a man who takes his king off the board every time you're ready to checkmate him," complains an Army colonel. The United States would like Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk to make it harder for the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese, by cracking down on their rice purchases in his country and by exposing their presence in the remote northeast. Thus the recent pressure campaign, carried on through diplomatic channels as well as in the press. At a "background" dinner for reporters in Washington last month ("But Don't Tell Anyone I Told You," *NR*, Dec. 9) General Westmoreland disclosed a deeper concern about communist use of Cambodia when he spoke of possible arms shipments from ports on the Gulf of Siam to the sanctuaries. If the North Vietnamese could open up such a supply route, they could dramatically increase the tempo of communist military operations on South Vietnam's western frontier. And what if this should happen? Some officials speculate that allied "spoiling raids" would be carried across the border.

"I have never been more encouraged"

Two footnotes. A year ago, American officials were apt to put great stress on the significance of the rapid growth in the number of communists who defected to the South Vietnamese side. The argument was that these defectors "vote with their bodies." Plans were laid to handle nearly 40,000 new defectors in 1967, double the previous year's total, and the South Vietnamese government made new pledges of amnesty and security for those who chose to come over. For the first half of the year the flow of *hoi chanhs* was as predicted, reaching 18,546. Since then the flow has trickled off to less than last year's rate. By the end of November the number for the year stood at about 26,000. The rate appeared to be going down sharply in November, when the numbers coming in were lower than they were during the unsettled spring of 1966, when the northern provinces were in virtual revolt. Some officials blamed the drop on the election campaigns and changeover to a new government in Saigon; others thought it had something to do with the current situation in the northern provinces. Yet, Bunker said categorically, in New York on November 17, "defections under the Chieu Hoi program this year are running nearly 50 percent ahead of last year."

The high-level visitors from Saigon feared lest Washington and the public look with skepticism on the new claim that the other side is losing men faster than it has replaced them. James Reston of *The New York Times* reported that "Bunker and Westmoreland" are "privately critical of past US intelligence estimates made by an American officer who has been transferred to another post, and confident about the intelligence estimates that they are now getting from his replacement." Others, however, rate the officer – reported to be Westmoreland's intelligence chief, Major General Joseph Alexander McChristian, who has been transferred from Saigon to Fort Hood in Texas – as very competent and a "realist."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Recent Wars

"Not one foot" of newsreel is used in *The Battle of Algiers*. The picture begins with that boast – quite properly, because the prime achievement of the director, Gillo Pontecorvo, is his reconstruction of events in the streets of Algiers between 1954 and 1962. This fact – that the revolution we see is entirely reconstructed – is almost incredible even while we watch. Actors are

The Battle of Algiers
(Battlefilm)
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner
(Columbia)

actors, but mobs are only people, and Pontecorvo has found a way to make the Arabs and the French reproduce their pre-liberation feelings in present-day Algiers. Similar films, like *The Four Days of Naples*, pale beside it; Pontecorvo used real and recent enemies. Bombings and killings are easy to control with sleight-of-eye (razor-thin editing that stops just before you see what you think you see – and then snaps on the dead bodies so swiftly that you are convinced you saw them shattered). It is the emotions of those milling French and Arab crowds that I kept wondering about. After the director yelled "Cut!", then what?

Most of the film is deftly made. Time-lapses, those unavoidable nuisances, are handled succinctly with freeze-frames; the film simply halts, then resumes – and the arbitrariness of the few seconds' pause serves as an almost Chinese symbol of the lapse of several minutes or hours. Pontecorvo's camera has moments of epic sweep, nicely contrasted with some claustrophobic scenes of hiding and conspiracy. The torture scenes brew up real horror because they treat the torture only as a method, not as sadism. Yacef Saadi and Brahim Haggiag are perfect as rebel leader and acolyte, and so is Jean Martin as the intelligently ruthless French paratroop colonel.

Further, Pontecorvo and his scriptwriter, Franco Solinas, have insisted on presenting the struggle in balance. The French viewpoint is put quite rationally by the colonel. (The rebels have orders to remain silent, if arrested, only for 24 hours, to give their fellows a chance to change plans. Therefore a captured rebel must be made to talk quickly. Therefore torture.) The French people – including teen-agers and babies – who are blown up by Arab terrorists are considerably more attractive to our eyes than the natives. (This is Pontecorvo's subtle dig at our race prejudice.) Pontecorvo even uses the same muted music when dead French are carried out of ruins that he uses when dead Arabs are carried out of other ruins. He unquestionably sympathizes with the freedom fighters, but he is also showing us that people are often put in oppressive positions by historical sequence and consequence, not by their innate villainy or their moral inferiority to the people under them.

And yet . . . the film leaves us with central dissatisfaction. For one thing, why *not* use some newsreel footage, especially since most of the street scenes are made to look like newsreels? But more important, it never really tells us why it was made. What is Pontecorvo's real theme? Is he telling us that struggles for freedom always eventually succeed? (The hero is killed four years before liberation, but those four years are sketched in to complete, as it were, his story.) Or is he telling us that political action is cyclical and laden with futilities? (We see this story now through the prism of Ben Bella's fate.) Neither view is quite clear, neither is done strikingly enough to make the picture more than a superior example of the resistance-film genre.

There is another issue, still more important. I saw *The Battle of Algiers* twice, once before and once after I saw Richard Lester's *How I Won the War*, that brilliant work which is a symptom of a new moral epoch. Seeing Lester's film when I did helped to clarify something that had been bothering me about Pontecorvo's film and which came into focus as I watched the latter a second time. There is a pornography of grief, of horror, of resurrection of the grievous past – no matter how genuinely cruel the sufferings, how courageous the deaths, how indebted we are to those who died. (Frederic Rossif's documentary *The Witnesses* – composed principally of German footage shot in the Warsaw ghetto in the early '40s – is another example of this pornography.) It is not a matter of forgetting either heritage or obligations. It is a matter of the point – the *present* point – of resurrecting the past. To wallow in past sufferings, to insist on counting and recounting our hoards of wrongs and grievances is to sentence ourselves to a repetition of the past. And that is no longer a sane option. Marx's most famous dictum is that historical events occur twice: once as history, the next time as farce. The dictum is now dubious; because the next time a large-scale war occurs, the farce will be enjoyed by some other planet.

So the really pertinent question in Pontecorvo's film – sharpened and pressed home by Lester – is: how can men now take moral action without violence? For centuries sane and just men have loathed violence and tried to avoid war, yet for centuries the point has come when even sane and just men have felt that they had to fight. How can oppression now be resisted, or annihilation halted (as in Israel), when every small war is a possible invitation to the Last War? New methods and scourged moralities are needed – at least what we *don't* need is sentimentality about the past, particularly the recent past in which many of us are emotionally knit. Films that recreate this past merely to revel in sufferings and triumphs, such films involve a sensual, obscuring self-indulgence that is pornographic. Lester shows us this consciously, Pontecorvo unconsciously.

Can Stanley Kramer be mentioned in the same breath? I suppose he must be discussed because once again he is fiddling with an important subject. The maker of *On the Beach* and *Judgment*

(Continued on page 30)

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Books and the Arts

More on Southern Politics

by Robert Coles

"Of books about the South, there is no end. Nor will there be so long as the South remains the region with the most distinctive character and tradition."

– V. O. Key, Jr. in *Southern Politics*

It is as if the terrible curse upon states like Mississippi, Georgia and Virginia has driven more than the usual number of men and women to the word, printed or spoken. In the 19th century the South claimed its famous orators and its clever historians or ministers – who had to justify the unjustifiable and presumably felt that continuous talk would conceal the brazen dishonesty of any argument. Then, there were those diaries written before, during and after *the* war. A book like *Diary From Dixie* tells the reader more than what happened to Mary Boykin Chesnut, and even more than what "life" was like under the Confederacy. She could not quite deceive herself, or stop trying to do so – and in either case she had to write. Nor is it an accident that the South has produced some of our finest newspapers, journalists – and incidentally, social scientists. (The "Social Study Series" that came from the University of North Carolina in the twenties and thirties may be called "outdated," but the clear, direct style that characterized the writing of Rupert Vance or Howard Odum can only be categorized as "now-abandoned" – by men who seem to be made nervous by the prospect of writing a straight, coherent sentence.)

Climbing Jacob's Ladder
by Pat Watters and Reese Cleghorn
(Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.95)

Climbing Jacob's Ladder is another of those "books about the South" that V. O. Key described; and it is, I believe, a worthy successor to his own *Southern Politics*. It is something more, though, because it was written by two Southerners who not only want to educate and inform their readers, but "speak" to them in the emotional and religious senses of that word. The result is a scholarly text, crammed full of facts, documents and statistics that will be indispensable to future historians and political scientists. Yet even more valuable is something else that comes across on every page: a "feel" for what makes social change, for what can happen between individuals and their government, given the "right" moment. In other words, Pat Watters and Reese Cleghorn not only want to record what happened, they want to tell how it all happened, and how it felt as it was happening. Theirs is, I suppose, an "inter-disciplinary approach" that uses the skills of the political scientist, the social historian, the anthropologist, the psychologist and not the least, the writer. Since they are "only" journalists, and have no great "training," no "credentials," one can only admire their achievement all the more. Or could it be that they are warm, vivid writers, and shrewd students of that "inter-disciplinary" phenomenon called "life," *because* – among other reasons – their minds and hearts were not squeezed dry and buried in some academic graveyard?

In any event they have written a beautiful book: beautiful in its blend of documentation and passion; beautiful in its clear direct language; beautiful in its persistent fairness to what *really* happened, no matter how tempting a little bit of retrospective distortion can be; and finally, beautiful in its stubborn refusal to make flashy, appealing generalizations about a region that has always been prey to the global and partisan conclusions of its observers.

Watters and Cleghorn wrote their book to record a significant turn in American history, "the arrival of Negroes in Southern politics." In 1960 the sit-in movement began when four Negro youths asked for some coffee from a reluctant waitress in Greensboro, North Carolina. Those youths might then have travelled all over the South in vain pursuit of the vote as well as food and drink. In point of fact, members of the sit-in movement did just that for several years; they planted themselves in Mississippi and Alabama, in Georgia and Louisiana, and they tried to "organize" rural Negroes, persuade them against every instinct to go seek the vote. Yet, there were forays into restaurants, libraries and (under court order) schools or colleges; but the major thrust of the civil rights movement in the early sixties was political. Then, as now, Negro activists wanted more "power" for their people. In those days the rallying phrase sounded more conventional – "the power of the Ballot" rather than "Black Power." Yet, the revolutionary implications of the civil rights struggle eventually had to emerge. Negroes for all practical purposes had lived outside the South's economic and political system. The time had come to enter, to make demands, to upset things as they are, to make things different, and inevitably to confront and challenge "law and order" – the kind that for generations kept voteless, American citizens miserably poor and legally removed from every one of our significant social and cultural institutions. Put differently, the time had come for Negroes to start running their own lives, clearly an unacceptable idea to white people, who desire cheap and compliant labor, and a fearful idea to rural Negroes, who know all too well what a sheriff can do, let alone a mob of any old bossman.

So against white power and Negro fear a relatively small number of people started out making the "rounds," living in the "community," going out in the "field," and ultimately attempting to persuade grown men and women

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that – of all things in 20th-century America – they should try to register as voters. The heart of this book tells what happened to the activists and leaders, to the masses of Negro people, to this nation.

The authors are Georgians, and in the period covered by the book (1961 to 1965, when a voting rights bill was finally passed) they both worked in Atlanta as reporters. Their story opens with a haunting description of a meeting in Terrell County, Georgia. The year is 1962, and Pat Watters was there. Charles Sherrod led the men and women in prayer. They were assembled in a Baptist church and a painting of Jesus hung over the pulpit. On another wall a picture of President Kennedy was prominently displayed. I suppose Sherrod could be called a "youth," a "civil rights worker." He was also a minister, and those were the days when the most "radical" of Negro and white students still quoted from the Bible. "If God be for us, who will be against us?" Sherrod asked and intoned in prayer. The sheriff was there, ready and willing to answer the question. They sang and they sang:

> "Voices that were weak at first gained strength as they moved up the scale with the old, familiar words: We are climbing Jacob's Ladder / Every round goes higher, higher / We are climbing Jacob's Ladder. Sherrod spoke again, softly, almost singing the words. 'All we want our white brothers to understand is that Thou who made us, made us all.' Another voice spoke: 'Everybody is welcome. This is a voter registration meeting.' . . ."

A few nights later that church, the Mount Olive Baptist Church, and two others nearby were burned to the ground. Presumably the pictures of both Jesus Christ and an American President were burned to ashes. The authors remind us of much more than the events that took place in Southwestern Georgia. They begin with a historical account of Southern political life in the 19th and early 20th centuries. They offer a detailed and fair account of the "movement" – its forerunners, its uncertain beginnings, its gradual rise to a position of real significance. They describe the old Negro leadership, in cities like Atlanta and in rural areas. Then comes the climax, like Act III in one of Shakespeare's plays: "The Struggle – Fear and Apathy," followed by "The Struggle – Jacob's Ladder," and then "Field Report – Telling It Like It Was." Those one hundred pages document some of the most stirring and heartbreaking moments in American history. One "field report" follows another – from John O'Neal, from Bob Moses, from Frank Smith, from Jack Chatfield, from Reginald Robinson, from Elizabeth Wyckoff and Prathia Hall. Those of us who lived in the South then, and in one way or another worked beside such incredibly determined men and women, will find it hard to deal with long stretches of *Climbing Jacob's Ladder*. I felt in myself a curious mixture of sorrow, indignation – and yes, nostalgia, because those were days of hope and trust.

They were days of action, too. The Voter Education Project of the Southern Regional Council was set up by foundations with the "advice and consent" of the Kennedy Administration. The purpose was simple: Find out why thousands and thousands of American citizens are afraid to register to vote, and "educate" them to be – well, what politicians call "loyal and responsible citizens."

I fear no one was fooled. Southern politicians, like all politicians, know when patriotic or "high-minded" talk ends and a threat to the "realities" of our social system begins. A public official in Louisiana put it all very directly to me a few years back: "Why are they quoting all that Constitution stuff, and the Declaration of Independence? Don't they know who runs things down here, and how we're going to keep it that way? And if it takes a few bullets, I think that will happen, too."

He and his kind did fire bullets. They used bombs and they burnt buildings down to the ground. They terrorized and continue to terrorize thousands of American citizens. The Voter Education Project was in fact an attempt to get those American citizens the vote without the help of new federal laws; and it both succeeded and failed. In some areas voters were enrolled; in

Dinosaurs

In the first grade they are making dinosaurs,
diminutive models of a world well lost –
small boys bending serious to trace
scales on clay, and little girls
playing, instead of dolls, with brainless horrors.

Some look like snakes or worms, and some
are decorative dragons pointing tongues
but the best one, boasts my modest son,
is his, a furious Tyrannosaurus
upreared, about to pounce on all of us.

If so, we are certainly in trouble,
arrived at reason by an opposable thumb
and at the same time threatened by the same
monstrous mindlessness and terrible
too-muchness that munched trees down to a stubble.

Whatever the lesson in the farfetched figures –
whether the teacher only meant to fool
ignorance with history, nature with a tool –
nightmares of extinction shape beneath the fingers,
grasping better than apes, of these beginners.

Harold Witt

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"Our youth are in danger . . . the spirit of evil environs them." Thus spoke Anthony Comstock (1844-1915), self-styled guardian of the moral purity of youth, founder of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and special agent of the U.S. Post Office Department. Premier anti-vice crusader in American history, he obtained the arrest of over 3600 men, women, and children. He wrote *Traps for the Young* in 1883 to publicize his activities and to justify his dubious methods. What were the traps he wrote about? From reading novels, "the soul is shrivelled." Daily newspapers introduced youth to the "secret workings of the depraved." Theaters were "the very sinks of hell." Other traps included rum, lotteries, advertising, free love – even liberals, the classics, and prize-candy. Comstock praised "good reading," but had the non-reader's suspicion of the habit. As Mr. Bremner points out in his witty introduction, Comstock was "the spiritual father of today's youthful suburbanites who have undertaken to cleanse newsstands and drug store magazine racks of 'objectionable' material."
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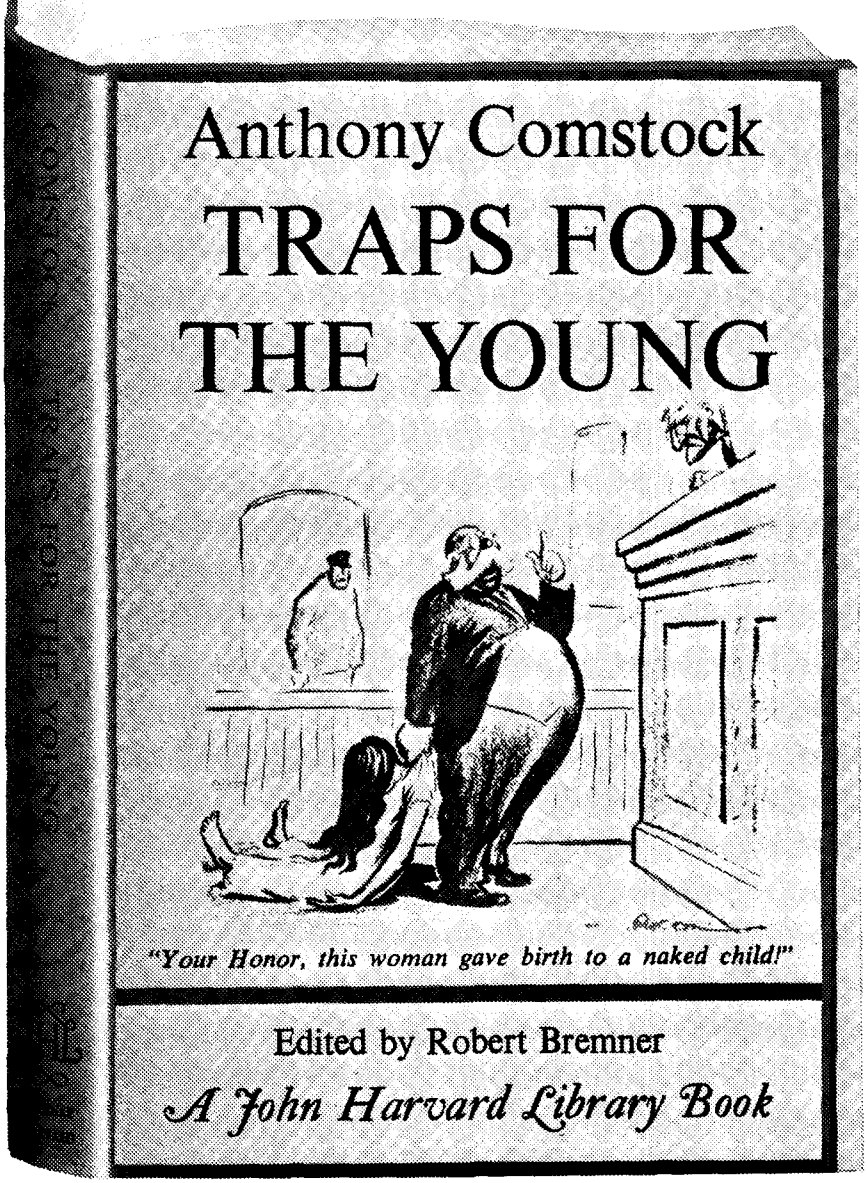
Anthony Comstock
TRAPS FOR THE YOUNG
"Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child!"
Edited by Robert Bremner
A John Harvard Library Book

others there was the kind of fanatic and murderous resistance that ultimately led to the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964, the Selma March, a host of murders (this book is dedicated to 13 known killed from 1962 to 1967) and eventually a bill passed by a Senate finally able to cloture itself.

The authors can only be cautiously hopeful. Reese Cleghorn is an editor of *The Atlanta Journal*, whose office is a reasonably short walk from Lester Maddox's office in the State Capitol. Pat Watters is the Director of Information for the Southern Regional Council; every day he has to deal with the awful news that comes into the office of that unique and fascinating organization. As a matter of fact, *Climbing Jacob's Ladder* is one effort (among many) of the Council's to make sense of what happened, is happening, is likely to happen in the region. This book is, of course, unusually significant, but from month to month the Council's "special reports" and its quarterly, *The New South*, continue to press upon us the somber and shameful conditions that still exist in a very prominent section of America: hunger, malnutrition, overwhelmingly segregated schools – yes, and counties where Negroes do not yet dare vote. In his bluntly worded introduction, Leslie Dunbar, who until recently headed the Southern Regional Council has this to say: "For every victory has demonstrated to Negroes how deeply and firmly embedded in our social system are the causes of their disadvantage, and many have grown weary of victories, purchased by turmoil and yielding too little to requite all that went into their gaining."

Here we are then, in 1967. All sorts of changes are occurring in the South, but all sorts of terrible inequalities persist. Men like the ones who wrote this book and wrote its introduction continue to do what they can. What is needed, though, is money, lots of it, and all that goes with money – plans, ideas, jobs, a break with the stale past. Billions go into another nation's South, in the form of guns and bombs. But even if we were not at war, would our own South ever get that kind of money? Will the South's old Bourbons give way to a new breed of wily or simple-minded segregationists – gover-

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nors from Jackson, Montgomery and Atlanta who want to give Washington's "living" a try? Does this nation have to permit hundreds of thousands of its citizens to live as people do in the rural South, or Appalachia, or our Northern ghettos? Those are tired questions today. They've been asked again and again, and there were moments a few years ago when it seemed that they just might be decisively answered by a President, a Congress and a nation that were "going someplace." But in a flash our destination was changed, and who right now knows where we'll end up.

The Chinese Bureaucrat

by John W. Lewis

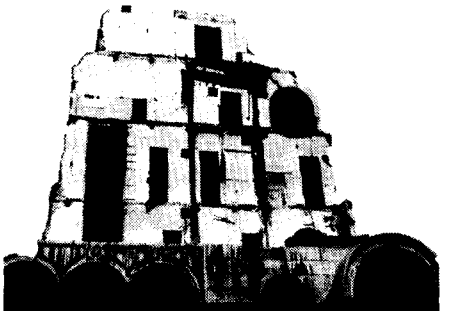
When the Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic, Liu Shao-chi, was singled out as the "number one Party person in authority taking the capitalist road" last April, revelations of his former "crimes" rapidly made the rounds of the wall posters and the Red Guards' scandal sheets. By snipping damning quotes out of context and twisting juicy bits of gossip concerning Liu's present wife, the charges against him brought to mind the dreary fabrications of the Moscow trials. A couple of the more startling allegations, however, may well have exposed quite unintentionally, a major reason for Mao's break with Liu and may even have had more than the usual grain of truth in them. One especially intriguing accusation, for example, linked Liu Shao-chi's ascent into the central leadership to the formation of his personal political machine. It was in 1936 that the man who was to become Mao's chief rival allegedly ordered key Communists then rotting in the Peiping Military Reformatory to sign anti-Communist statements and "feign capitulation" as a way of securing their release from prison. Armed with copies of the bogus confessions, Liu is said to have blackmailed more than seventy of those so released from the reformatory into joining his power clique. By 1966, the clique had purportedly "wormed its way" into the Chinese bureaucracy and fashioned the rigid guidelines for controlling all of the subordinate cadres.

Cadres, Bureaucracy, and Political Power in Communist China
by A. Doak Barnett
with a contribution by Ezra Vogel
(Columbia; $12)

From 1962 to 1964, a small number of these junior cadremen defected to Hong Kong. There they were contacted by the Colony's ubiquitous China watchers who had long hoped for such a windfall. The three interviewed by Professors A. Doak Barnett and Ezra Vogel have given us an outstanding insight into Communist organization and its Liuist guidelines. Each of the three informants experienced life at a different level of Chinese officialdom: a central ministry, a county security office and the headquarters of a rural commune. Of the three, one belonged to the Party, another to the Young Communist League. One received university training, while all had, from the Communist viewpoint, suspicious class origins. None could be called "typical" – if only for the reason that each fled – but Professor Barnett, the book's principal author, expresses confidence that his three subjects are reliable as witnesses to organizational behavior in Mainland China. Each has been asked to recount from memory details of the bureaucratic life he once shared. On balance the cadres' descriptions of the Party and State apparatus seem to substantiate the general accusation that Liu and his lieutenants had established a machine-like system to run China. They also provide indirect evidence for the charge that Liu assigned priority to organizational solidarity over policy-making and sought to mold those beneath him into "docile tools."

Nevertheless, the bureaucracy as seen by the three cadres does not strike one as all that unusual. If Mr. Barnett had eliminated the words "China" and "Communist" from the text and made

THIS BABEL & BEYOND



HISTORY DOES NOT REVERSE ITSELF

What lies beyond the wreckage? Who will write the scenarios for tomorrow? The do-nothing whites and the guerrilla blacks? The cop-out hippies and the cop-out squares? The Birchites and the Green Berets? The bureaucrats of death and the prophets of despair?

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the requisite minor adjustments for time and locality, this book would read like any of several standard works in the field of political administration. Before 1966 at least, the bureaucrat in China mirrored the style and outlook of bureaucrats everywhere. He was rule-bound, status-conscious and preoccupied with minutiae. Endless red tape strangled innovation and decisiveness. Engrossed in the routine problems of low pay, tardy promotions and the nagging pressures for conformity, the cadres confused status with power, privilege with respect. I am impressed by the dull sameness of their lives whether in the shadow of central power or stationed in the rural towns far removed from Peking. The three cadres reveal little knowledge or understanding of the social context which might have given their organizations genuine relevance or authority. Barnett's most telling conclusion is that the Communist system involves "relatively little 'politics,' in the sense of open political competition between various groups to achieve power or influence policy." This is a book about cadres and bureaucracy. Political power in its more complex dimensions seldom appears.

Surprisingly, Professor Barnett does not comment on the stereotyped character of the Chinese bureaucrats he interviewed. Neither does he relate his description of officialdom in China to the many inquiries into organizational behavior in general or even to the growing body of Western studies on the workings of the Chinese Party and the Chinese State.

That the cadremen shared so much in common with bureaucrats in the "bourgeois" states probably helped trigger Mao's reaction against the organs of power in the Cultural Revolution. Though much discussed in this book, the "special psychological milieu" of the bureaucracy, in fact the entire "thought reform" process, hardly seems to have dented, let alone regulated, heads filled with as much detail as found in this volume. Whether this fund of facts was built up deliberately in the process of selecting and training the cadre force (the charge against Liu Shao-chi) or grew quite unconsciously as a defense mechanism against the daily barrage of propaganda, the file-drawer mind that resulted would have frustrated anyone of Mao's persuasion. Organization men to the core, the pre-Cultural Revolution bureaucrat appears to have been the antithesis of the Maoist revolutionary.

What Barnett's three subjects have given him then amounts to a combination organization manual and handbook, not unlike those found in government offices in Washington. They seem to be able to recall on cue desired data on titles, personnel, departmental history, pay, or policy from all the tiny units that comprised their former organizational network. Theirs is the world of dossiers and "in-out" baskets, a near mechanical world set in motion by the mysterious, inviolable orders transmitted downward from the center. Denied access to the big picture as well as to trustworthy political information from the populace, the office-holder in the heart of the Chinese bureaucracy seems to have underestimated the persistence of traditions and exaggerated the capacities of the organization to quell or absorb dissidence. Predictably, he acquired the set stare of the bluffer when propelled into

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the unfamiliar territory of reality. If Chairman Mao's perception of the power structure in 1966 even closely approximated that represented here, his case against the bureaucrats would be a compelling one. As Mao viewed it, the typical cadre could neither mobilize the populace nor continue the revolution after his death. In this judgment he was probably correct.

The resultant tensions between Mao-Tse-tung and the *apparatchiki* became evident as early as 1957. Except for the somewhat disembodied conclusions of this book, however, little evidence of those tensions is found in the testimony of any of the three informants. The decision of the authors to rely so exclusively on the recollections of three men has prevented them from anticipating the events that were about to befall China. Seldom have a book's conclusions been so shortlived as those found here. Barnett ends this work in March 1966, on the eve of the Cultural Revolution. Yet his data provide him with no hint of the massive changes then under way on the Mainland and becoming increasingly obvious in so many other sources. Professor Barnett does little to suggest that senior cadres long ago found ways to live within the organization and even to manipulate it for their own ends. One of the trio has reported down to the last kernel how much rice was produced in one production team and what happened to it after the harvest, but blinded by the organizational screen around them, he and his colleagues have displayed little if any understanding of the urgent problems within the bureaucracy or, more accurately, within the Chinese political system as a whole.

This book then provides a highly valuable datum for understanding the mentality of selected elements of the cadre force up to the moment of the Cultural Revolution. That upheaval has now reduced the cadres to factionalism and chaos. Though "revolutionary cadres" remain, the authority of the cadres as a group has been seriously damaged. While Mao may have been right in his condemnation of the bureaucracy for its inertia and corruption, he now faces the dilemma of how to restore organized life and at the same time prevent the bureaucrat from subverting his revolution once again.

THEATRE

Albee at the Crossroads

When the actors and the director were first announced for *Everything in the Garden*, I couldn't believe my ears: Was Edward Albee concocting a formula Broadway hit? Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson—previously co-starred, to quote from the program notes, "in two of the modern theatre's most popular, long-running comedies: *The Moon Is Blue* and *Mary, Mary*" —

Everything in the Garden
by Edward Albee
(Plymouth Theatre)

were to be "reunited" in a play by the author of *The Zoo Story* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. And Peter Glenville, who frequently wears the colors of David Merrick, had interrupted Alan Schneider's long, unbroken collaboration with Albee to spread his directorial gloss over *Everything in the Garden* as he had previously over *Tchin Tchin*, *Becket*, and *Take Me Along*. These were suspicious enough signs. What made it even more possible that Albee was preparing to join the company of Jean Kerr and F. Hugh Herbert was the bizarre development of his recent career which found him first rewriting a Merrick musical called *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and, then, grinding out cocktail party chit-chat, in *A Delicate Balance*, with brandy being decanted over supernatural conversations in a *House and Garden* setting.

It was soon to become apparent that, in Albee's mind at least, all this was a planned strategy. "Let them think they're seeing *Mary, Mary*," he was

For reasons we don't understand, a leader in the Ku Klux Klan, enthusiasts of the old "and New" politics, a number of IvyLeague professors and a multitude of bewildered Christians and Jews are among the readers of

KATALLAGETE
Be Reconciled
Journal of the
Committee of Southern Churchmen

Though we don't understand, we rejoice, for we are trying to say the same thing to all four . . . that the burning crosses, old "and New" politics, the groves of academe and established religion may be the stuff of the same idol, each posing as Messiah.

Contributors during the two years of our existence have included: Walker Percy, Daniel Berrigan, James McBride Dabbs, William Stringfellow, Thomas Merton, Vincent Harding, Leslie Dunbar, Kelly Miller Smith, Christopher Lasch, Anthony Towne, John Lewis, Pat Watters and Reinhold Niebuhr.

Current Issue: (Contents)

Editorial Comment
"If We Should Get Serious"
Will D. Campbell
Violence and Snopes
James Y. Holloway

"Let Love be the Motive and Justice the Method . . ."
Reinhold Niebuhr
Notes for a Novel About the End of the World
Walker Percy
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Thomas Merton
The Word of God, Double-Mindedness, and The Day of Wrath
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Haverhill's

reported to have told his cast during the first reading of the play. And, indeed, that is precisely what we do think during Albee's opening scenes. The curtain rises on another of William Ritman's Westchester settings; Nelson and Bel Geddes, cast again as a cheerful suburban couple, start wisecracking about money, sex, and gardening tools; and the audience, obviously relieved that it is being given one more inconsequential post-prandial entertainment, begins to respond with those flatulent barks that pass for laughter in our theatre. As the play proceeds, there are signs that Albee intends to jolt such expectations, but the audience keeps sniffing out the jokes, and when they don't come, slips into indifference. Melodrama follows comedy, looking false and misapplied. What was apparently intended as an indictment becomes just another pastime, and an increasingly unrewarding one. Albee has succeeded too well in his subterfuge; the audience has taken the play away from him. It fails on the only level it can be adequately recognized – as a bright Broadway hit.

Actually, *Everything in the Garden* is an American adaptation of a London play by Giles Cooper which, if no great shakes itself, at least has a certain power without Albee's commercial frosting. A black comedic attack on the values and prejudices of the mindless, country-club classes of England, the Cooper play concerns a middle-aged man and his wife, living above their means in a neighborhood where wealth dictates status. In order to increase their capacity for conspicuous consumption, the wife, Jenny, advertises for a job; a brothel madam answers, anxious to add Jenny to her stable. Attracted by the possibility of some extra cash, Jenny soon begins turning tricks. When the source of the bounty can no longer be hidden, her husband – after some initial indignation – accepts the situation with equanimity. What is more, he soon learns, during a party, that all of his neighbors derive their wealth from the same polluted wifely sources. When a bachelor friend makes the same discovery, the friend is killed and buried in the garden. Thus, the Cooper play

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is a variation on the theme of the skeleton in the cupboard with Shaw-Ibsen overtones added – an examination of the murder and greed that lies in the hearts of pillars of society.

What Albee adds to this structure is a frothy atmosphere, an American idiom and environment (the Cooper play was based on an actual story about some Long Island matrons), and a great deal of hamhanded pounding of messages. Where Cooper makes his points *sotto voce*, Albee yodels them in that tone of strident moral purity he usually employs when discussing his attitude towards South African *apartheid* and Pulitzer Prizes. "You're all killers and whores," shouts Albee's heroine, after having noticed that her husband works for a firm that produces "germ gas" and that their publishing friends advertise bad books. (This, I guess, is what is known as "universalizing" a theme; like all the ideas in the play, it remains completely unexamined.) Also underlined is the liberalism of the couple's young son, who disapproves of anti-Semitism and racism (a courageous line to take with the Broadway audience). And padded, if not added, is the character of Jack, the victim of the play, who is now a Lew Ayres type of philosophical drunk permitted direct address to the audience about his wealth, his passion for "Polish vod," and his bequest of "three and a half mil" to the couple that helps to kill him. Albee's play ends on a note of uplift: Jenny and her husband discover they still love each other, Jack tells us they will get their money in seven years "if they're tough enough."

Albee's version of *Everything in the Garden*, in short, is without interest, and I'm not concealing very well my reluctance to write about it. What continues to remain somewhat interesting, because unresolved, is the author's ambiguous relationship to his audience. As I have had occasion to remark somewhat too often, Albee's identity as a dramatist is highly uncertain. Lacking his own vision, he turns to adaptation; lacking his own voice, he borrows the voice of others. What has remained constant through his every change of style – through the progression of his influences from Genet to Strindberg to Pirandello to Williams to Ionesco to Eliot – is his peculiar love-hatred for those who attend his plays. Albee's desire to undermine the audience and be applauded for it is now leading him into the most extraordinary strategems and subterfuges, just as his desire to be simultaneously successful and significant has managed by now to freeze his artistic imagination. He has two choices, I think, if he is ever to create interesting work again: either to resolve this conflict, or to write about it. But both alternatives oblige him to become a great deal less masked, a great deal more daring, a great deal more open than he now chooses to be.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

MUSIC

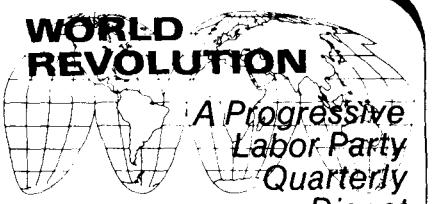
Stravinsky at 85

Now that Stravinsky is 85, everything written about him has the tone of a premature obituary. People seem in a hurry to get his work assessed once and for all. This is a dangerous game, for so long as he is actively writing, there are sure to be more surprises.

The man, the legend and the work are so bound together that when you say "Stravinsky" you have to make it clear which of the three men you mean.

The man, as he emerges in his own book *The Poetics of Music* and the series of tape-recorded interviews between him and Robert Craft published in book form by Doubleday, is the civilized cosmopolitan gentleman. He is smart in the head, witty, charming, and while he enjoys his celebrity, he shows none of the signs of the eminent old gaffer floating on a cloud of self-conceit.

But the legend is monstrous. Somebody evidently has to be the Greatest Living Composer, and by common consent Stravinsky is the incumbent.



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After seeing a television show about himself, he said: "It made me seem like a kind of musical Rolls-Royce, the best and most expensive composer running."

There is virtually nothing that he has written since *Le Sacre du printemps* which did not have considerable importance at the time it was written – frequently out of all proportion to its merit. This is because he has always been pursued by a gaggle of intellectual bobby-soxers – composers who, every time Stravinsky changes style, will stop whatever they are doing and follow his lead. The influence has certainly not been all bad. Some of Aaron Copland's and Arthur Berger's loveliest scores date from the early 1940's, shortly after Stravinsky had adopted a sweeter style. But it was amusing, after Stravinsky decided to use Schoenbergian techniques in the fifties, to see his whole coterie fall into line and embrace not only the techniques but also the aesthetics of what had been the Enemy.

The trait most peculiar to Stravinsky is a lack of interest in the development of a single line. He has always been a shopper. No new work of his is based on a commitment to a previous work. This explains why every new piece is anticipated with such concern, and also, to a large degree, why so much of his catalog has already faded. Many of my old favorites – *Apollon musagetes*, the piano sonata, the Serenade in A, the violin concerto – no longer give me any pleasure. Other pieces – the *Octet*, *Rossignol*, *The Rake's Progress*, are not only durable but seem to improve.

Stravinsky once described Carl Maria von Weber as a "prince of composers," and in most of his music, Stravinsky is a prince in much the same sense. To describe him as "great," using the word with all its heaviest Teutonic overtones, is unfair to the music, just as putting him in the class with such reverend old birds as Pablo Casals and the late Albert Schweitzer is unfair to the man.

A lot of Stravinsky's music – I'm thinking specifically of *Pulcinella* and the two-piano sonata – is proof of how good music can be when the elements of originality and "greatness" are deliberately left out.

Yet there are works – very few certainly, and not a group everyone would agree on – in which Stravinsky is Great with a capital G. *Le Sacre*, and probably all three of the early ballets belong here. For me, the *Symphony of Psalms* and the last scene of *The Rake's Progress* are the best of the lot, because I find that kind of cold intensity shattering. I would throw in the *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* and the Symphony in Three Movements. Most lists (not mine) would include *L'Histoire du soldat*.

As for the big new works: the only one that really gets through to me is the ballet *Agon* – primarily because it is such a delightful thing to watch in the theatre. The Mass, though it was written too long ago to count as a late work, has a relentlessness about it that I find unendurably tedious, and Stravinsky's recent choral pieces seem to have their roots in the Mass.

In a handsome and expensive new book,* there is a beautiful reproduction of the composer's manuscript of a new work – a vocal setting of "The Owl and the Pussycat." It is a lovely, delicate, lean song, nine pages long, consisting entirely of three-part counterpoint, with almost no instructions for performance. It is going to take everybody by surprise because it is running counter to the fashion Stravinsky helped start. It would not be completely inconceivable if, in the next fifteen years or so, Stravinsky wrote a voluptuously lovely work in the style of *The Firebird*, and ended his career where he began it. ROBERT EVETT

**Bravo Stravinsky*, photographs by Arnold Newman, text by Robert Craft, foreword by Francis Steegmuller (World; $15).

Correspondence

The Heir Apparent

Sirs:

In Paul Wieck's review of *The Heir Apparent* (October 21) by William Shannon, he refers to Senator Robert Kennedy's years as Attorney General as "his days as the grand inquisitor." This bizarre remark seems particularly mischievous as it is the only reference to those years. Any detached observer would have to consider, as Anthony Lewis in *The New York Times* has, a number of accomplishments in assessing those three years:

1) He did more than any of his predecessors for the poor man charged with crime, acting to assure him free counsel and release without onerous bail (honor bail, whenever possible) and a fair opportunity to prepare his defense. He helped persuade Congress to approve a bill granting money not only for lawyers but also for investigators and for psychiatric and other services for indigent defendants. He instituted a half-way house system for parolees and probationers.

2) He was instrumental in bringing about changes in the national origins quota system that kept out many immigrants for political reasons. He also fought behind the scenes to reduce communist-hunting excesses including the dismissal of unsupported security charges.

3) He created within the department an Office of Criminal Justice to act as a watchdog on prosecutorial practices.

4) He made the first and as yet only successful attempt to bring J. Edgar Hoover under effective direction and to turn the FBI's attention toward civil rights and organized crime despite Mr. Hoover's long-standing reluctance to get involved in either of these areas. Kennedy helped to array the resources of the federal government on the side of the Negro quest for equal rights. One example, was in the department's effort to register Negroes in the South. During the Eisenhower Administration the Justice Department did not bring a single voter suit in Mississippi under the 1957 Civil Rights Act. Under Kennedy 24 voting cases were brought in Mississippi.

5) On school integration, where the department until the 1964 Act had no power to initiate suits, Senator Kennedy sought to speed the process by persuasion. Persuasion was also used to deal with tensions over segregation at lunch counters and other places of public accommodation.

6) He made a concentrated drive against syndicated national crime. The characterization of grand inquisitor undoubtedly stems from his alleged vendetta with James Hoffa. The fact remains that juries have found Hoffa

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guilty of trying to bribe an earlier jury and of using funds corruptly. Dozens of other Teamster officials were also convicted. Despite the apparent limitless resources of the Teamsters Union, it has been singularly unsuccessful in getting a reversal of Hoffa's conviction – this, in a time when the courts have become sensitive enough to the civil rights of defendants that Judith Coplon, Harry Bridges, Frank Costello and ex-Governor Barnett all had their convictions reversed.

7) He was also able to attract and retain the support of such outstanding inquisitors as Byron White, Nicholas Katzenbach, Burke Marshall, John Doar, John Seigenthaler, Herbert Miller, Louis Oberdorfer, William Orrick, Jr. and John Douglas.

Philip R. Harper
New York, N.Y.

The Way It Is

Sirs:

Some of the innuendoes in James Ridgeway's curious article (October 14) about the California Democratic Convention may give readers a misconception about the actual situation. The CDC convention's decision to run a slate of delegates to the 1968 National Democratic Convention pledged against the Vietnam war is the first action of a large, broadly based Democratic Party organization to oppose Johnson in the Convention on the question of Vietnam. As such, its significance is considerable. As Mr. Ridgeway indicates, the CDC slate has a very good chance of being elected. It is difficult to see the basis for Mr. Ridgeway's conclusion that what came out of the Convention was "tepid stuff." The position adopted was strong and clear in its unequivocal opposition to Johnson's Vietnam policy. . . . The dispute involved whether CDC should advocate negotiations or unilateral withdrawal without negotiations. It may be that simple withdrawal without any negotiation is the best course . . . but anybody who thinks he can sell such a position to any sizeable portion of the electorate in California is inadequately exposed to the realities of public opinion.

Mr. Ridgeway's report also makes it appear that it was difficult to persuade the Convention to take a strong position in favor of minority rights and against racism. Nothing could be further from the truth. The argument was not about this at all. The Convention quite correctly refused to accede to the demands of "New Politics" and "Black Power" groups to make minority rights the focus of the Convention action and of its slate of presidential delegates. To have done so would have seriously jeopardized the great objective of the Convention: to win a primary vote that will clearly reject the Johnson Vietnam policy. There was never any dispute about making it clear that the CDC slate regards the plight of Negroes and other minorities as the overriding domestic problem. . . . It is not clear whether Mr. Ridgeway was disappointed by the CDC Convention or only surprised. Disappointment would indicate enthusiasm for the vagaries of the New Left. Surprise would indicate a belief that the CDC was dominated by New Left types – types who seem either pristinely ignorant of political reality, who simply want to bear personal witness without regard to political impact or who want – consciously or unconsciously – to see political efforts against the Vietnam policy fail. Fortunately, CDC is not that kind of organization,

Notes On Contributors

Robert Coles *is the author of* Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear. Harold Witt's *collection of poems,* Beasts in Clothes, *was published by Macmillan in 1961.* John W. Lewis *teaches at Cornell and is the author of* Leadership in Communist China *and co-author of* The United States in Vietnam.

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despite the image assiduously fostered by the Republican Press of California and the tireder members of what remains of the Democratic Party establishment out here. . . .

Fred Warner Neal, Chairman
Platform Committee
California Democratic Peace Slate

Data Needed

Sirs:

For a research project designed to ascertain the cultural and economic effectiveness of New Deal patronage of the visual arts between 1933 and 1943, I would like to contact artists and administrators who worked in New York City and State on any of the government art projects. These projects were: The Public Works of Art Project (P.W.A.P., 1933-34), The Treasury Section (1934-43), The Treasury Relief Art Project (T.R.A.P., 1935-39), and the W.P.A. Federal Art Project (1935-43). I am especially interested in corresponding with those who kept detailed records, diaries or letters which would provide specific data concerning the day to day operation of the projects and in any and all material and recollections which would throw light on the relationship between government and artist during the thirties.

Francis V. O'Connor
1111 Massachusettts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Kauffmann, *from page 19*

at Nuremberg has now turned his myopic insight to miscegenation. In his new film a Negro man and a white girl want to get married, and we see a mixed couple hug and kiss – in Technicolor! – for the first time in a Hollywood picture.

Kramer, as usual, fights his campaign on only one small front at a time. The daring of the mixed match – about which he takes a bit too much pride in the year of Dean Rusk's son-in-law – is insured by several factors. The Negro is not just a man, he is a world-famous surgeon with a list of achievements at 37 that would credit a man of 67. The girl is rich, and the story takes place almost entirely in her home, so the audience can relish fashions and furnishings and, for two hours, can vicariously reside on a San Francisco hilltop. The hero's parents, a retired mailman and his wife, conduct themselves with such aplomb in these uncustomary surroundings that their spurious dialogue reeks of patronage.

The script by William Rose is, in general, a combination of leaden dialogue and leaden maneuver. The white father, who is the chief stumbling block to the marriage – not out of racism but out of concern for his daughter's happiness – is finally converted when the Negro mother accuses him of forgetting what sexual heat is like. Thus, after a couple of hours' blather about scruple, he is swayed by an appeal to his scrotum. The Kramer-Rose team even get the racial point quite wrong. The surgeon tells his mailman father: "You think of yourself as a colored man. I think of myself as a man." Surely more and more Negroes today reject this washing-out of color and insist on thinking of themselves as Negroes.

Sidney Poitier, the surgeon, cuts one more slice off his by-now slightly stale performing loaf. Katherine Houghton, who is Katherine Hepburn's niece, makes her debut as the girl, displaying a thinness of personality that promises little for her as a film figure; her acting ability promises just as much. Poitier's parents are played by Roy E. Glenn, Sr. and Beah Richards who, apart from the incredibility of the dialogue given them, are monumentally incredible actors.

The real interest in this picture is not in its message but in its movie-ness. The girl's parents are played by Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. This was Tracy's last film, and it is sad to say goodbye to that quiet screen-filling presence. Kramer shoots his last long *raisonneur* speech clumsily – from an angle that works against the easy conviction that Tracy was putting into it. On the other hand Kramer gives us some really fine "star" shots of Miss Hepburn, with tear-sparkling blue eyes, that not only reaffirm her elegant beauty but the pleasure of having a beautiful star around. There are no new American stars like Tracy and Miss Hepburn, and at least Kramer has given us the chance to see them again – in an essentially old-fashioned film – behaving like stars in star roles.

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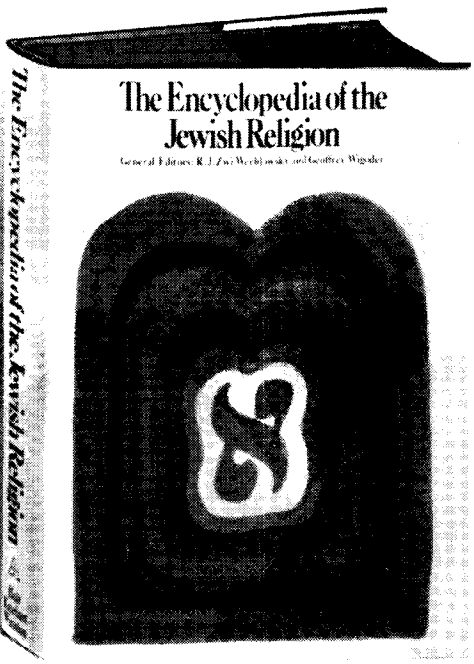

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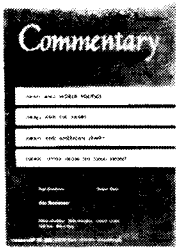

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